THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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The Humorists of the Pencil

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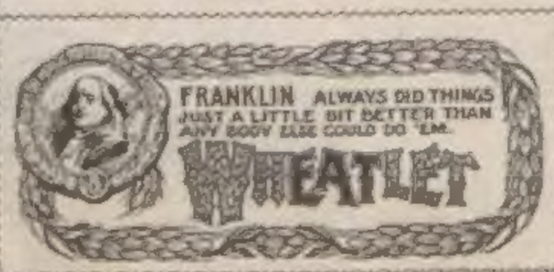

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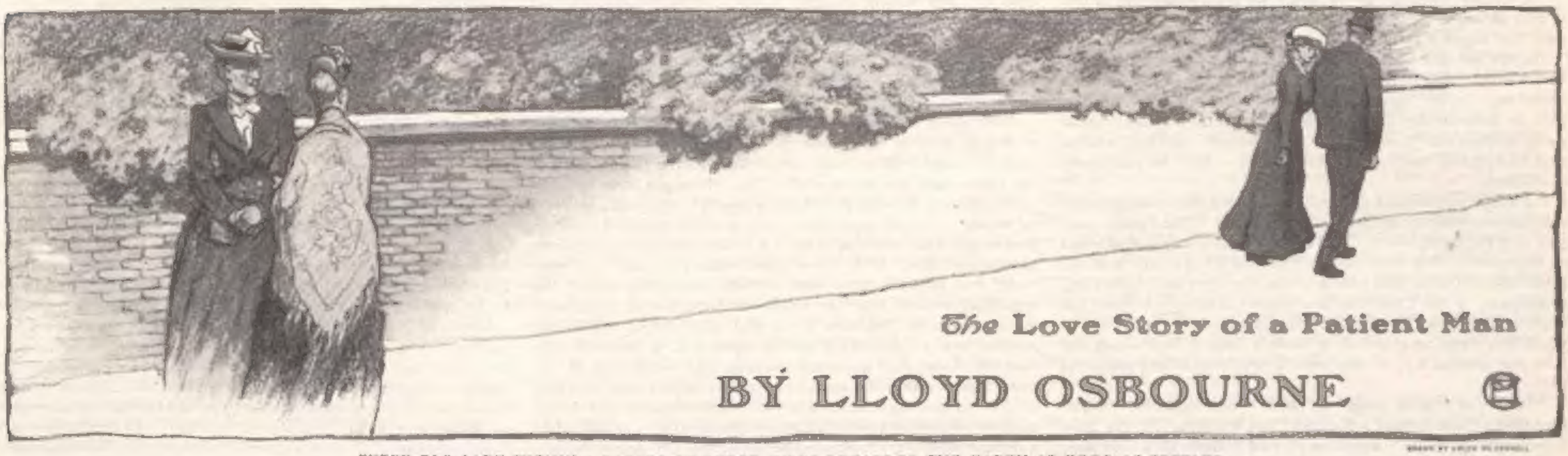


The Love Story of a Patient Man

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

EVERY OLD LADY WITHIN A RADIUS OF THREE MILES REGARDED THE MATCH AS GOOD AS SETTLED

FRANK RIGNOLD had never been the favored suitor, not at least so far as anything definite was concerned; but he had always been welcome at the little house on Commonwealth Street, and amongst the neighbors his name and that of Florence Fenacre were coupled as a matter of course, and every old lady within a radius of three miles regarded the match as good as settled. It was not Frank's fault that it was not, for he was deeply in love with the widow's daughter and looked forward to such an end to their acquaintance as the very dearest thing fate could give him. But in these affairs it is necessary to carry the lady with you—and the lady, though she had never said "no," had not yet been prevailed upon to say "yes." In fact, she preferred to leave the matter as it was, and boldly forestalling a set proposal, had managed to convey to Frank Rignold that it was her wish he should not make one.

"Let us be good friends," she would say, "and as for anything else, Frank, there's plenty of time to consider that by and by. Isn't it enough already that we like each other?"

Frank did not think it was enough, but he was not without intuition and willing to accept the little offered him and be grateful—rather than risk all, and almost certainly lose all, by too exigent a suit. For Florence Fenacre was the acknowledged beauty of the town, with a dozen eligible men at her feet, and was more courted and sought after than any girl in the place. The place, to give it its name, was Standhurst, one of those dead-and-alive little ports on the Atlantic seaboard, with a dozen factories, a few decaying wharves, and that tranquil air of having had a past.

The widow and her pretty daughter lived in a low-roofed, red-brick house that faced the street and sheltered a long, deep, shady garden in the rear. Land and house had been bought with whale oil. Their little income, derived from the rent of three barren and stony farms and amounting to not more than sixty dollars a month, represented a capitalization of whale oil. Even the old gray church whither they went twice of a Sunday was whale oil, too, and had been built in bygone days by the sturdy captains who now lay all around it under slabs of stone. There amongst them was Florence's father and her grandfather and her great-grandfather, together with the Macys and the Coffins and the Cabotts with whom they had sailed and quarreled and loved and intermarried in the years now gone. The wide world had not been too wide for them to sail it round and reap the harvests of far off seas; but in death they lay side by side, their voyages done, their bones mingling in the New England earth.

Frank Rignold, too, was a son of Standhurst, and the sea which ran in that blood for generations bade him in manhood to rise and follow it. He had gone into the engine-room, and at thirty was the chief engineer of a cargo boat running to South American ports. He was a tall, fine-looking man with earnest gray eyes; a reader, a student, an observer; self-taught in Spanish, Latin and French; a grave, quiet, gentlemanly man, whose rare smile seemed to light his whole face, and who in his voyages South had caught something of Spanish grace and courtliness. He returned as regularly to Standhurst as his ship did to New York; and when he stepped off the train his eager steps took him first to the Fenacres' house, his hands never empty of some little present for his sweetheart.

On the occasion of our story his step was more buoyant than ever and his heart beat high with hope, for she had cried the last time he went away, and though no word of love had yet been spoken between them, he was conscious of her increasing inclination for him and her increasing dependence. Having already won so much it seemed as though his passionate devotion could not fail to turn the scale and bring her to that admission he felt it was on her lips to make. So he strode through the narrow streets, telling himself a fairy story of how it all might be, with a little house of their own and she waiting for him on the wharf when his ship made fast; a story that never grew stale in the repetition, but which, please God, would come true in the end, with Florence his wife, and all his doubtings and heart-aches over.

FLORENCE SWEPT AN OPERA CLOAK FROM A CHAIR AND MADE HIM SIT DOWN

Florence opened the door for him herself and gave a little cry of surprise and welcome as they shook hands, for in all their acquaintance there had never been a kiss between them. It was all he could do not to catch her in his arms, for as she smiled up at him, so radiant and beautiful and happy, it seemed as if it were his right, and that he had been a fool ever to have questioned her love for him. He followed her into the sitting-room, laughing like a child with pleasure, and thrilled through and through with the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand and the vague, subtle perfume of her whole being. His laughter died away, however, as he saw what the room contained. Over the chairs, over the sofa, over the table, in the stacked and open pasteboard boxes on the floor were dresses and gowns outspread with the profusion of a splendid shop, and even to his unknowing eyes costly and magnificent beyond anything he had ever seen before. Florence swept an opera cloak from a chair and made him sit down, watching him the while with a charming gayety and excitement.

"Florence," he said, almost with a gasp, "does this mean that you are going to be——?" He stopped short. He could not say that word.

"I'm never going to marry anybody," she returned.

"But——!" he began again.

"Then you haven't heard!" she cried, clasping her hands. "Oh, Frank, you haven't heard!"

"I have only just got back," he said.

"I've been left heaps of money," she exclaimed, "from my uncle, you know, the one that treated father so badly and tricked him out of the old manor farm. And it's not only a lot, Frank, but it's *millions!*"

He repeated the word with a kind of groan.

"They are probating the will for six," she went on, not noticing his agitation, "but I'm sure the lawyers are making it as low as they can for the taxes. And it's the most splendid kind of property—rows of houses in the heart of New York and big Broadway shops and skyscrapers! Frank, do you realize I own two office buildings twenty stories high!"

Frank tried to congratulate her on her wonderful good fortune, but it was like a voice from the grave and he could not affect to be glad at the death-knell of all his hopes.

"That let's me out," he said.

"My poor Frank, you never were in," she said, regarding him with great kindness and compassion. "I know you are disappointed, but you are too much a man to be unjust to me."

"Oh, I haven't the right to say a word," he exclaimed. "On your side it was friends and nothing more. I always understood that, Florence."

He was shocked at her almost imperceptible sigh of relief.

"Of course, this changes everything," she said.

"Yet it would have come if it hadn't been for this," he said. "You were getting to like me better and better. You cried when I last went away. Yes, it would have come, Florence," he repeated, looking at her wistfully.

"I suppose it would, Frank," she said.

"Oh, Florence," he exclaimed, and could not go on lest his voice should betray him.

"And we should have lived in a poky little house," she said, "and you would have been at sea three-quarters of the time, leaving me to eat my heart out as mother did for father—and it would have been a horrible, dreadful, irrevocable mistake."

"I didn't have to go to sea," he said, snatching at this crumb of hope. "There are other jobs than ships. Why, only last trip I was offered a refrigerating plant in Chicago!"

He did not tell her it carried a salary of four hundred dollars a month and that he had meant to lay it at her feet that morning. In the light of her millions that sum, so considerable an hour before, had suddenly shrunk to nothing. How puny and pitiful it seemed in the contrast. He had a sense that everything had shrunk to nothing—his life, his hopes, his future.

"I know you think I am cruel," she said, in the same calm, considerate tone she had used throughout. "But I never gave you any encouragement, Frank—not in the way you wanted or expected. You were the only person I knew who was the least bit cultivated and nice and traveled and out of the commonplace. I can't tell you how much you brightened my life here, or how glad I was when you came, or how sorry I was when you went away—but it wasn't love, Frank—not the love you wished for, or the love I feel I have the power to give."

"Why did you let me go on, then?" he broke out, "I getting deeper and deeper into it and you knowing all the time it never could come to anything? Just because no words were said, did that make you blind? If you were such a friend of mine as you said you were, wouldn't it have been kinder to show me the door and tell me straight out it was hopeless and impossible? Oh, Florence, you took my love when you wanted it, like a person getting warm at a fire, and now when you don't need it any longer you tell me quite unconcernedly that it is all over between us!"

"It would sound so heartless to tell you the real truth, Frank," she said.

"Oh, let me hear it," he said. "I'm desperate enough for anything—even for that, I suppose."

"I knew it would end the way you wanted it, Frank," she said. "You were getting to mean more and more to me. I did not love you exactly and I did not worry a particle when you were away, but I sort of acquiesced in what seemed to be the inevitable. I know I am horribly to blame, but I took it for granted we'd drift on and on—and this time, if you had asked me, I had made up my mind to say 'yes.'"

She said this last word in almost a whisper, frightened at the sight of Frank's pale face. She ran over to him, and throwing her arms around his neck kissed him again and again.

"We'll always be friends, Frank," she said. "Always, always!"

He made no movement to return her caresses. To be kissed out of pity humiliated him to the quick. He pushed her away from him, and when he spoke it was with a dignity and gentleness that surprised her.

"I was wrong to reproach you," he said. "I can appreciate what a difference all this money makes to you. It has lifted you into another world—a world where I cannot hope to follow you. I can be man enough to say that I understand—that I acquiesce—without bitterness."

"I never liked you so well as I do now, Frank," she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"We will say nothing more about it," he said. "I couldn't blame you because you don't love me, could I? I ought rather instead to thank you—thank you for so much you have given me these two years past—your friendship, your intimacy, your trust. That it all came to nothing was neither your fault nor mine. It was your uncle's for dying and leaving you skyscrapers!"

They both laughed at this, and Frank, now apparently quite himself again, brought forth his presents: a large box of candy, a beautifully bound little volume of Pierre Loti, and a lace collar he had picked up at Buenos Ayres. This last seemed a trifling piece of finery in the midst of all those dresses, though he had paid sixteen dollars for it and had counted it cheap at the price. Florence received it with exaggerated gratitude, genuine enough in one way for she was touched; but in spite of herself, her altered fortunes and the memory of those great New York shops where she had ordered right and left made the bit of lace seem common and scarce worth possessing. Even as she thanked him she was mentally presenting it to one of the poor Miss Browns who sang in the church choir.

They spent an hour in talking together, eluding on either side any further reference to the subject most in their thoughts, and finding safety in books and the little gossip of the place, and the news of the day. It might have been an ordinary call, though Frank, as a special favor, was allowed to smoke a cigar, and there was a wild, strained look in Florence's face that gave the lie to her previous professions of indifference. She knew she was violating her own heart, but her character was already corrupting under the breath of wealth, and her head was turned with dreams of social conquests and of a great and splendid match in the roseate future. She kept telling herself how lucky it was that the money had not come too late, and wondering at the same time whether she would ever again meet a man who had such a compelling charm for her as Frank Rignold, and whose mellow voice could so move her to the depths. At last, after a decent interval, Frank said he would have to leave and she accompanied him to the door, where he begged her to remember him to her mother and added something congratulatory about the great good fortune that had befallen her.

"And now good-by," he said.

"But you will come back, Frank?" she exclaimed anxiously, seeing through the smiling mask he wore.

"Oh, no!" he said. "I couldn't, Florence, I couldn't."

"I cannot let you go like this," she protested. "Really I can't, Frank. I won't!"

"I don't see very well how you can help it," he said brusquely.

"Surely my wish has still some weight with you," she said.

"Florence," he returned, holding her hand very tight, "you must not think it pique on my part or anything so petty and unworthy; but I'd rather stop right here than endure the pain of seeing you get more and more indifferent to me. It is bound to come, of course, and it would be less cruel this way than the other."

"You never can have loved me," she exclaimed. "Didn't I say I wanted to be friends? Didn't I kiss you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "as you might a child, to comfort him for a broken toy. Florence," he went on, "I have wanted you for the last two years and now I have lost you. I must face up to that. I must meet it with what fortitude I can. But I cannot bear to feel that every time I come you will like me less; that others will crowd me out and take my place; that the gulf will widen and widen until at last it is impassable. I am going while you still love me a little and will miss me. Good-by!"

She leaned her head on his shoulder and sobbed. She had but to say one word to keep him, and yet she would not say it. Her heart seemed broken in her breast and yet she let him go, sustained in her resolve by the thought of her great fortune and of the wonderful days to come.

"Good-by," she said, and stood looking after him as he walked slowly away.

"Oh, that money, I hate it," she exclaimed to herself. "I wish he had never left it to me. I didn't want it or expect it or anything, and I should have been happy. Oh, so happy! Then, with a pang, she recalled the refrigerating plant and the life so quiet and poor and simple and sweet that she and Frank would have led had not her millions come between them.

"Her millions!"

It was inspiriting to repeat those two words to herself. It strengthened her resolve and made her feel how wise she had been to break with Frank. Perhaps, after all, it were better for him not to come back. He was right about the gulf between them, and even since his departure it was widening appreciably.

"I don't own all that money," she said to herself, realizing what all very rich people realize sooner or later. "*Il ennuis me!*" And with that she went indoors and cried part of the forenoon and spent the rest of it in trying on her new clothes.

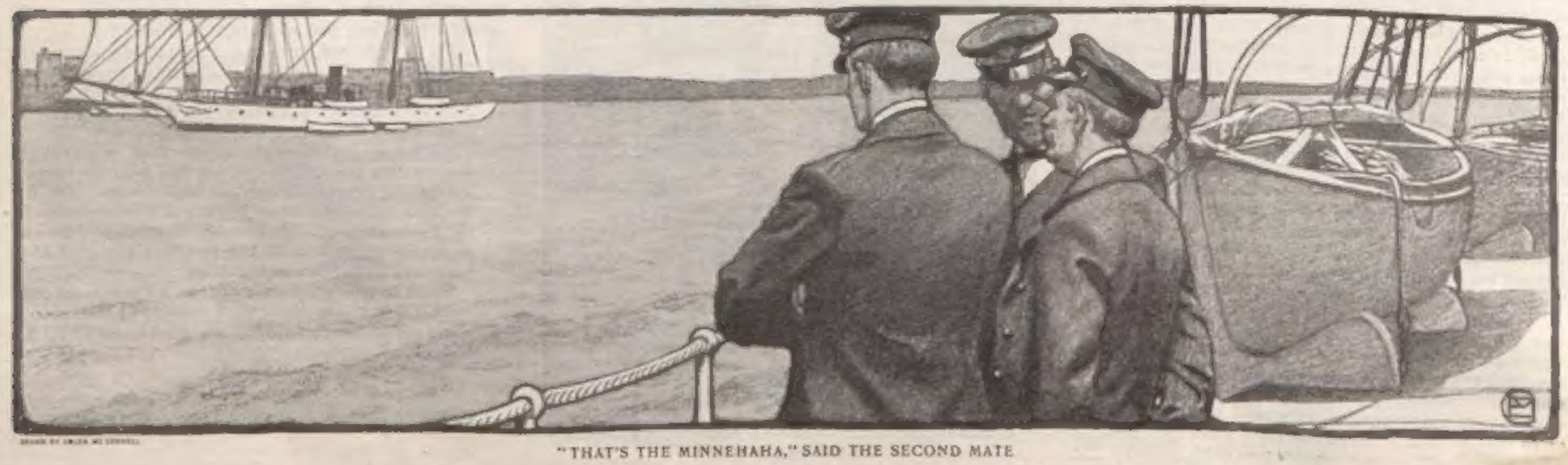
Wealth, if it did not bring happiness, at least brought some pleasant distractions.

II

IT WAS fully a year before Frank saw her again; a long year to him, soberly passed in his shipboard duties, with recurring weeks ashore at New York and Buenos Ayres. He had grown more reserved and silent than before; fonder of his books; keener in his taste for pure science. He avoided his old friends and made no new ones. The world seemed to be passing him while he stood still. He wondered how others could laugh when his own heart was so heavy, and he preferred to go his own way, solitary and unnoticed, taking an increasing pleasure in his isolation. He continued to write to Standhurst, for there were a few old friends whom he could not disregard altogether, though he made his letters as infrequent as he could and as short. In return he was kept informed of Florence's movements; of the sensation she made everywhere; of the great people who had taken her under their wing; of her rumored engagements; of her triumphs in Paris and London; of her yachts and horses and splendor and beauty. His correspondents showed an artless pride in the recital. It was becoming their only claim to consideration that they knew Florence Fenacre. Her dazzling life reflected a sort of glory upon themselves, and their letters ran endlessly on the same theme. It was all a modern fairy tale, and they fairly bubbled with satisfaction to think that they knew the fairy princess!

Frank read it all with exasperation. It tormented him even to hear her name, to be reminded of her in any way; to realize that she was as much alive as he himself and not the phantom he would have preferred to keep her in his memory. Yet he was inconsistent enough to rage when a letter came that brought no news of her. He would tear it into pieces and throw it out of his cabin window. The fools, why couldn't they tell him what he wanted to know! He would carry his ill humor into the engine-room and revenge himself on fate and the loss of the woman he loved by a harsh criticism of his subordinates. A defective pump or a troublesome valve would set his temper flaming; and then, overcome at his own injustice, he would go to the other extreme, and roundly blaming himself would tell some sullen artificer that it was all a joke. His men, among themselves, called him a wild, cracked devil, and it was the tattle of the ship that he drank hard in secret. They knew something was wrong with him and fastened on the likeliest cause. Others said out boldly that the chief engineer was going crazy.

One morning as they were running up the Sound, homeward bound, they passed a large steam yacht at anchor. Frank was on deck at the time and he joined with the rest in the little chorus of admiration that went up at the sight of her.



"THAT'S THE MINNEHAHA," SAID THE SECOND MATE

"That's the Minnehaha," said the second mate. "She belongs to that beautiful heiress, Miss Fenacre!"

"Ready for a Mediterranean cruise," said the purser, who had been reading one of the newspapers the pilot had brought aboard.

Frank heard these two remarks in silence. The sun, to him, seemed to stop shining. The morning that had been so bright and pleasant all at once overcame him with disgust. The might-have-been took him by the throat. He descended into the engine-room to hide his dejected face in the heated, oily atmosphere below; and seating himself on a tool-chest he watched with hardly seeing eyes the ponderous movement of his machinery. It was the anodyne for his troubles, to feel the vibration of the engines and hear the rumble and hiss of the jacketed cylinders. It always comforted him; he found a strange companionship in the mighty thing he controlled; he looked at the trembling needle in the gauge and instinctively noted the pressure as he thought of that trim, smart vessel at anchor and of his dear one on the eve of parting. He wondered whether they would ever pass again, he and she, in all the years to come.

The thought of the yacht haunted him all that day. He took a sudden revulsion against the grinding routine of his own life. It came over him like a new discovery that he was tired of South America, tired of his ship, tired of everything. He contrasted his own voyages in and out, from the same place to the same place, up and down, up and down, as regular as the swing of a pendulum, with that gay wanderer of the raking masts who was free to roam the world. It came over him with insistence that he should like to roam the world also, and see strange places and old marble palaces with steps descending into blue sea water, and islands with precipices and beaches and palm trees.

Almost awed at his own presumption he sat down and wrote to Miss Fenacre.

It was a short note, formally addressed, begging her for a position in the engine-room staff. He knew, he said, that the quota was probably made up and that he could not hope for an important place. But if she would take him as a first-class artificer he would be more than grateful, and ventured on the little pleasantry that even if he had to be squeezed in as a supernumerary he was confident he could save her his pay and keep a good many times over.

He got an answer a couple of days later, addressed from a fashionable New York hotel and granting him an interview. She called him "dear Frank," and signed herself "ever yours," and said that of course she would give him anything he wanted only that she would prefer to talk it over first.

He put on his best clothes and went to see her, being shown into a large suite on the second floor where he had to wait an hour in a lofty ante-room with no other company but a statue of Pocahontas. He was oppressed by the gorgeousness of the surroundings — by the frowning pictures, the gilt furniture, the onyx-topped tables, the vases, the mirrors, the ornate clocks. Here indeed was that other world in which he was no better than a coarse intruder. He was in a fever of expectation and could not fight down his growing timidity. He had not seen Florence for a year, and his heart would have been as much in his mouth had the meeting been set in the old brick house at Standhurst. At least, he said so to himself, not caring to confess that he was daunted by the magnificence of her apartments.

At length the door opened and she came in. She stood for a moment with her hand on the knob and looked at him; then she came over to him with a little rush and took his outstretched hand. He had forgotten how beautiful she was, or probably he had never really known, as he had not beheld her before in one of those wonderful French creations that cost each one a fortune. He stumbled over his words of greeting and his hand trembled as it held hers.

"Oh, Frank," she said, noticing his agitation. "Are you still silly enough to care?"

"I am afraid I do, Florence," he said, blushing like a boy at her question. "What's the good of asking me that?"

"You are looking handsome, Frank," she ran on. "I am proud of you. You have the nicest hair of any man I know!"

"I daren't say how stunning *you* look, Florence."

"Frank," she said slowly, fixing her lustrous eyes on his face, "you usen't to be so grave. . . . I don't think you have smiled much lately. . . . You are changed."

He bore her scrutiny in silence.

"Poor boy," she exclaimed, impulsively taking his hand. "I am the most heartless creature in the whole world. Do you know, Frank, though I look so nice and girlish, I am really a brute; and when I die I am sure to go to Hell."

"I hope not," he said, smiling.

"Oh, but I know," she cried. "All I ever do is to make people miserable."

"Perhaps it's the people's fault for — for loving you, Florence," he said.

"It's awfully exciting to see you again," she went on. "You came within an ace of being my husband. I might have belonged to you and counted your washing. It's queer, isn't it? Thrilling!"

"Why do you bring all that up, Florence?" he said. "It's done. It's over. I — I would rather not speak of it."

"But it was such an awfully near thing, Frank," she persisted. "I had made up my mind to take you, you know. I had even looked over my poor little clothes and had drawn a hundred dollars out of the savings bank!"

"You don't take much account of a hundred dollars now," he returned, trying to smile.

"I know you don't want to talk about it," she said, "but I do. I love to play with emotions. I suppose it's a habit like any other," she continued, "and it grows on one like opium or morphine. That's why I'll go to Hell, Frank. I wasn't that way at all when you used to know me. I think I must have been nice then and really worth loving!"

"Oh, yes," he returned miserably. "Oh, yes."

"I have a whole series of the most complicated emotions about you," she said, "only a lot of them are latent like firecrackers before they are touched off. If I lost all my money I'd be in a panic till you came and took me; but as long as I have it I don't think of you more than once a week. Yet, do you know, Frank, if you got a sweetheart I believe I'd scratch her eyes out. It's rather fine of me to tell you all that," she went on with a smile, "for I'm giving you the key of the combination and you might take advantage of it!"

"Florence," he said, "I thought at first you were just laughing at me, but I see that you are right. You are heartless. You oughtn't to talk like that."

She looked a shade put out.

"Well, Frank, it's the truth, anyway," she said, "and in the old days we were always such sticklers for the truth — for sincerity, you know — weren't we?"

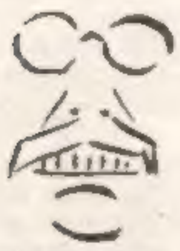
"I have no business to correct you," he said. "I resigned all my pretensions that morning in the old house."

(*Continued on Page 16*)

Humorists of the Pencil

PLATT

HILL



ROOSEVELT

A PAPER ABOUT THE MEN WHO MAKE THE POLITICIANS SQUIRM AND THE MILLIONS LAUGH

By John T. McCutcheon

WHEN a newspaper cartoonist meets an interested stranger, the latter at once proceeds to ask the following questions in the order indicated: "How do you go about it to draw a cartoon?" "Where do you get your ideas?" "How do you manage to think up something new every day, month in and month out?" and lastly, "How did you happen to take to cartoon work instead of to regular art work?" The face of the interviewer beams brightly as he adds, "I admire your cartoons very much, but, of course, I don't know enough about art to tell a good picture from a bad one. I couldn't draw a cow myself if I tried a hundred years."

I hope to explain some of the methods of the average cartoonist in the course of this paper, and thus answer the first three questions. The answer to the last, of course, differs in each individual instance. There is one cartoonist I know of who attended a college which boasted an incipient art course and a great deal of higher mathematics. After struggling along several months with grades of seventy-one and seventy-two in algebra, he discovered to his intense delight that if he switched over to the art course he could escape several formidable branches of higher mathematics. So he changed with amazing celerity and thus laid the foundation of a future career in art. If there had been less mathematics in the agricultural course than there were in the art course, he might now be a prosperous farmer instead of a cartoonist. Other cartoonists have, of course, approached their careers in caricature by very different routes. One man, since distinguished as a newspaper cartoonist, was a fireman on a railroad before he sought the drawing-board, and the explanation he gives for the change is that he got tired of working. These two instances illustrate that cartoonists have no common starting-point.

The work of a cartoonist differs essentially from that of other workers in art, in that he must have several qualifications besides the ability to draw. First, he should be able to draw well enough to express his ideas; secondly, he should have a sense of humor; thirdly, he should have a fairly clear idea of what is happening in the world of politics, society and finance; fourthly, he should know something of the Bible, of history, of mythology, and, fifthly, he should have the ability to grasp the importance of a news item when he sees it, so that he may draw from it a logical idea that may be expressed clearly in a drawing. These various requirements are lost sight of by most beginners, who seem to feel that the ability to draw a man with a turned-up nose constitutes the chief requisite of a cartoonist. Many beginners in art aspire to be cartoonists because it looks so easy. They do not reckon with the other qualifications. They know that they can draw, and usually think that they have a keen sense of humor because fond relatives have informed them that certain of their drawings were "perfectly killing"; but it generally develops that they lack the other essentials. A case parallel with the profession of a cartoonist would be a man who could turn a somersault on a bare-backed horse, play a cornet, write heavy editorials and blow glass. It is obvious that such a combination of talents is not commonly found, although many men may have one or two, or even three, of those accomplishments.

The mere ability to draw has about as much to do with making a successful cartoonist as the choice of stationery has to do with making a strong editorial. A very wretchedly drawn cartoon may express an idea so cleverly that the cartoon is immensely successful. In cartooning, the excellence of the idea excuses all shortcomings in technique; and it happens often that an artist may make his cartoons so artistic that the humor and the idea are wholly submerged in the artistic quality of the drawing. There are many instances that prove that good drawing is not essential to a humorous picture. Eugene Field, who had a slight idea of drawing, could make pictures that were overflowing with fun and drollery; and even Mark Twain, who cannot draw at all, can make crude pen-scratches that are extremely amusing simply because he ignores all the rules of real drawing. If a cartoonist is a clever draftsman, very well; but he should realize that his work is to be judged by the idea and not by artistic standards.

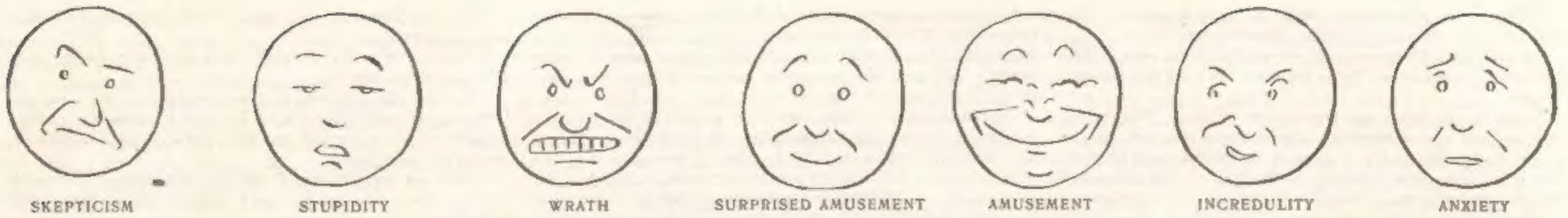
CROKER

DEPEW

BRYAN

His drawing should have in it the spirit of caricature and his idea should be expressed simply and directly. Every part of the picture should strengthen the central idea and nothing should be added that would detract from it. When any one looks at the cartoon he should not think that here is a fine drawing, but that here is a cartoon pure and simple. If the cartoonist can do these things he is almost ready to begin drawing for the paper.

Let us assume that it is morning and the cartoonist must have a cartoon ready for the following day's paper. His first work is to evolve an idea, and in doing this he is influenced by several cardinal principles of journalism, paramount of which is the necessity of keeping a weather-eye on the counting-room of the paper. Which is to say, he must weigh carefully whether his cartoon will offend an advertiser or lose a subscriber. No humor that is likely to cut down the



SKEPTICISM STUPIDITY WRATH SURPRISED AMUSEMENT AMUSEMENT INCREDULITY ANXIETY

subscription list is humorous to the publisher of the paper. Therefore the artist must avoid subjects that are likely to reflect unpleasantly upon any race of people that happens to be largely represented in the circulation lists or advertising columns. He is at liberty to lampoon Americans all he wishes, because Americans are a rather uncertain mass that lacks cohesion, but he must not hit the Irish, the Germans, the Jews, or the Swedes, all of whom may be found in the subscription list of the average American daily and all of whom are quick to resent any slur against their nationalities. In my own experience I have found the Germans particularly sensitive to any reflections on the Kaiser or on their fatherland. This may be due to the fact that since the Spanish-American war the people of this country have not shown any particular confidence in German intentions, and the papers have reflected the feeling so generally that prominent German-Americans have undertaken a propaganda to influence our newspapers against German-baiting. The cartoonist is not required to be so considerate in his treatment of the French, the English, the Chinese or the Turks, for the reason that these races are not so numerously represented in the circulation books. It is a golden rule that when somebody must be lampooned, let that somebody be a distant foreigner who doesn't take the paper.

KRUGER

The cartoonist also learns that he must not make a cartoon that runs counter to the religious principles of any church denomination, and that, for reasons of propriety, it is well to avoid any reference to the Deity and sacred Bible characters, as well as anything suggestive or vulgar, or anything horrifying in the way of human suffering. It is usually considered in bad taste to employ some great calamity, such as the Mont Pelée disaster, as a theme for a humorous cartoon, even though the cartoon may be intended to express an idea entirely foreign to the disaster itself. Another fixed rule is that the cartoonist shall not picture wives or children of national celebrities who may be before the public—and, in fact, never to draw a woman in any way unless it be distinctly complimentary.

Concerning Cartoons of the President

THERE has been some discussion as to how far a cartoonist might go in cartooning the President of the United States. It may be remembered that President McKinley's death was followed by a fierce denunciation of some of the cartoons that previously had been printed about him, and that this outcry resulted in a radical change in the tone of cartoons dealing with the Chief Executive. For a time there was a disposition to show President Roosevelt in most heroic and dignified pose—frock-coated and with the light of lofty inspiration in his eye. Greater latitude now exists, for there seems to be no good reason why cartoonists should not cartoon the President, provided there be nothing demeaning or disrespectful in the pictures. I have been told that the President's wife was so much amused and interested by the cartoons that were printed of him when he was running for Vice-President that she had them collected and arranged in scrapbooks; perhaps that is why the White House has been so greatly enlarged within the past year. The cartoonist should recognize the honor and dignity of the office without going to the ridiculous extreme of considering its occupant a sacred being whom it would be *lèse majesté* to caricature.

"How do you get your ideas?" and "How do you think up something new every day?"

Suppose it is morning and there is not an idea anywhere in the world. The first move a cartoonist makes is to read the morning papers carefully, taking note of the news that is uppermost in the public mind. If conditions are such that everybody is interested in a certain piece of news, then the cartoonist endeavors to build a cartoon that treats of that subject. Nearly every day brings forth one big piece of news that commands more attention than anything else before the public. One day it may be a great election; the next day it may be a war scare; the next day a notable speech; the next day a widely-advertised prize-fight, and so on through an endless variety of changes.

From the one dominating piece of news the cartoonist endeavors to derive his idea. Sometimes it happens that there are other ideas suggested by news of slightly lesser interest and so he carefully makes a note of them. By the time he has digested the papers he may have a half-dozen or more suggestions equally good—or poor, as the case may be. One may be an idea that deals with a topic of broad national interest, another may appeal to that class of readers that is deeply interested in politics or legislation, still another may have the domestic interest that will appeal to women and children. It always is desirable to make a cartoon that will appeal directly to the greatest number, but, of course, this is not always practicable. In my own experience I have found that women are not particularly interested in political cartoons and do not understand them unless they treat of some great event in a Presidential campaign. If there happens to be something intrinsically interesting or amusing in the drawing they will remember the cartoon, otherwise they will shed it as a duck does water. In the same way a domestic or social cartoon may not appeal to the large, rough man who sees nothing in the world except politics and other heavy topics. Cartoons that deal with subjects very close to home life have been found to be the most generally interesting, although it is not possible to draw these all the time.

With his list of cartoon suggestions the cartoonist goes to the editor and submits them for his editorial approval, or else if he has discretionary powers he selects himself the one that offers the greatest possibilities for a successful cartoon.

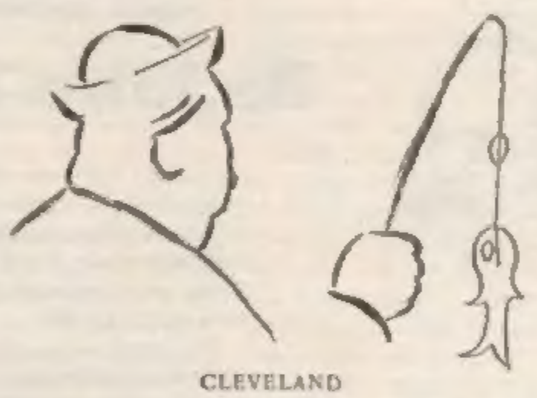
To illustrate the sort of ideas he submits, I will mention a few that were suggested one day last spring. The piece of news that was "featured" on the first page was Senator Hoar's speech in the Senate, a remarkable oration in which the keynote was an appeal that the Philippines be given the same treatment by the United States that was being given to Cuba. This news was the germ of an idea that would represent Senator Hoar, with face beaming with grandmotherly benevolence, pointing to a perforated cardboard motto which he had just worked out in the style of the old-fashioned "God Bless Our Home" mottoes. It was "The Filipinos' Golden Rule," and it said, "Do unto Us as You Have Done unto Cuba." Another big piece of news that was strongly featured that day was the report that a negro had been burned at the stake some place down in Texas. Using this as a text, a suggestion was submitted that showed a Filipino congratulating himself that the "water-cure" had been introduced in his country instead of the "fire-cure." This suggestion was speedily discarded as being repugnant, for the reason that it was an effort to give a humorous turn to a condition that should not be handled humorously, if at all, in a cartoon.

The third idea was founded on the approach of commencement time, and this was selected because it had the quality of being good-natured, innocuous, and also timely. The class of ideas to which this belongs might be considered as a sort of pictorial breakfast-food and is popular with the cartoonist, who feels that his mission has been fulfilled if he succeeds in bringing a bit of cheerfulness to some one's heart and thereby makes the beginning of a day sunnier. Its excuse lies in the belief that people prefer to be amused than to be reformed. The cartoons of this class never rock the foundations of nations, but they probably make the world a little more cheery as it rolls along.

The Eleventh-Hour Hunt for Ideas

IN HANDLING this commencement idea the cartoonist showed the two methods employed by a young man and a young woman in preparing for the great, eventful day. The young man was shown deep in the throes of writing his oration, the subject of which was "What Congress Should Do." He was barricaded behind immense volumes of references and presumably was settling for all time to come the affairs of state. The young woman was preparing in a different way. She was in a dressmaker's establishment and was being measured for her graduating frock, the inference being that to all fair graduates the matter of personal appearance on that eventful day was of vastly greater importance than showing Congress how to run the ship of state. It is safe to say that the prairies were not set on fire by this cartoon, but it had the merit of hurting no one's feelings and of being a better aid to digestion than a cartoon depicting a negro being burned alive.

The foregoing examples of cartoon ideas were founded on the news that appeared in the morning papers of that day. The following day may have suggested half a dozen more, all but one of which had to be consigned forever to the waste-basket; for it is true that the average length of life of a cartoon idea is one day. It must be used while it is fresh and timely, for the next day the world may turn absorbingly to some subject that is newer and more interesting.

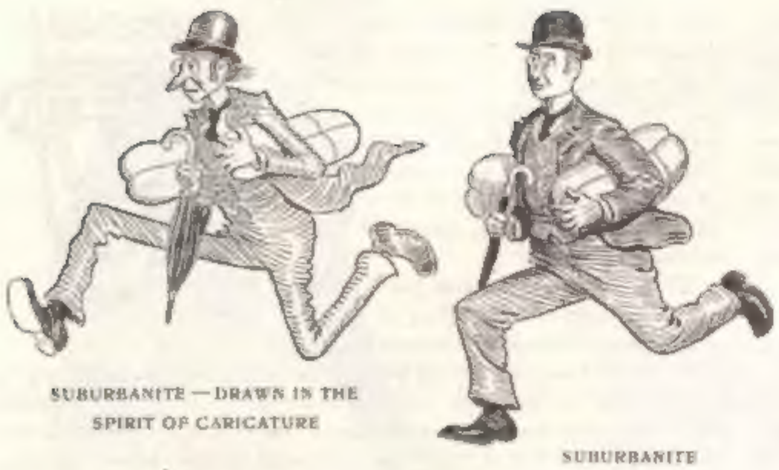


CLEVELAND

It sometimes happens that there is not an idea suggested by the news and it may be late in the afternoon before one is evolved. A nervous cartoonist might become anxious as the hours passed unfruitfully, but there is always the cheering consolation that the cartoon will be drawn because it simply has to be, and in the recollection that oftentimes the eleventh-hour idea is one of the best.

When the eleventh hour comes, however, and brings no idea, the cartoonist is obliged to "dig." He looks at the date of the following day and asks himself if it has any significance. Is it the anniversary of any notable historical event; is it the birthday of any of our country's great, either dead or living; or is it of any particular interest as to the weather, the length or shortness of the day, or of anything relating to fashions in dress? What is happening in Washington? What is the President doing? If he is doing nothing, then that in itself is noteworthy and might form the nucleus of a cartoon. All these things are canvassed fore

SOME SKETCHES OF THE CAMPAIGN DOG



SUBURBANITE — DRAWN IN THE SPIRIT OF CARICATURE

SUBURBANITE

and aft, up and down, inside and outside, until finally the glimmer of a suggestion beams through the clouds. Every holiday suggests something. Every anniversary of a historical event or of a hero's birthday suggests something; every change of weather or fashion suggests something; every month suggests something; there is always some speaker or professor who says something extraordinary, so that it is not remarkable that some sort of an idea is gradually squeezed out by the cartoonist whose mind is trained to observe, deduct and construct.

If the subject that is selected admits of humorous treatment, the cartoonist handles it in that vein; if it does not, he handles it in a serious way. Broadly speaking, all cartoonists might be classified in two groups—the humorous and the serious. There are some subjects that should not be treated frivolously, and there are some evils that demand more stinging rebukes than can be given with ridicule or good-natured satire. A club in certain trying moments is more productive of unwholesome results than a reprimand.

There is perhaps more to be avoided in drawing serious cartoons than there is in drawing humorous ones. A steady diet of the serious style is likely to become monotonous, for no one likes to be scolded or be preached to or see other people scolded continually, even though he knows that the scolding is needed. And the American people, most of all people, like considerable good nature mixed with their lectures. Some serious cartoons are savage and venomous and doubtless do far more harm than good, for they cannot but create a feeling of sympathy for the persons whom they attack. They have an unpleasant effect upon the one who looks at them and in doing so react against the attacking party. The cartoon that is charged with malice or venom might just as well be left undrawn, so far as any beneficial effect on the public goes. Another type of the serious cartoon is the one that appeals to class prejudices and strives to arouse the passions of one element of society against another. This class of cartoons is distinctly unwholesome. Take, for instance, the cartoon policy of representing capital as a devouring monster whose only purpose in life is to throttle the poor workingman. Such cartoons have no effect upon people who think, but in the minds of the ignorant they nourish a spirit of hostility to capital that is undesirable.

The Good-Natured School of Cartoons

THE other school of cartooning is the one which strives to attain its end in a good-natured way, eliminating the sting as much as possible. It is not so powerful or direct as the serious school, but a great deal of good results from its influence. It is insidious and sinks deep without one's suspecting. The cartoons of this school "hit off" the existing evils and abuses with good-natured ridicule or satire, and like the sugar-coated pill, are pleasant while you are taking them.

Up to this point I have written chiefly of the creation of the idea and not of the manual labor of putting the cartoon on paper. When the cartoonist has his idea selected he "lays it out" roughly in tabloid form on a small piece of paper, so that when he begins the cartoon he knows exactly where he is going to place every figure and how he is going to illustrate his central idea. This being done, he carefully draws it out in a much larger form on cardboard, usually two or three times the size it will be when it appears in print. Then, with black ink he makes his drawing, cutting out everything that will not strengthen the idea. If the idea is a good one, there is lots of fun in drawing it, particularly if it is along the humorous line. Anatomical accuracy in drawing the figures is abandoned and everything reduced to simple forms. A correctly drawn figure is very seldom amusing; and also a figure that is too grotesquely drawn is often likely to be offensive. If the cartoonist desires to express surprise, incredulity, anger, joy, or any of the many changes of the human face, he does it boldly and without any attempt to be anatomically correct. He uses as little shading as possible, for the more he uses in a face, the further he gets away from making a funny picture. Any emotion can be shown in eight lines so convincingly that there can be no doubt as to what is intended. The slightest turn of one or more of these lines will change gladness to misery. A few lines will suggest President Roosevelt so that no one could mistake the intention, even though the picture does not look like him. An old-fashioned plug hat and some straggly whiskers suggest Mr. Kruger, just as a military mustache and a helmet suggest Kaiser Wilhelm. Instead of being portraits they are merely symbols that mean certain people—symbols which newspaper readers become familiar with and which never fail to suggest the people they stand for. The portrait of a man drawn carefully and true to life would look stiff and formal and would be completely lacking in humor and spontaneity. Brevity in drawing is the soul of humor in a cartoon.

THE CARTOON TYPE REPRESENTING "CAPITAL" OR "TRUSTS"

THE CONVENTIONAL UNCLE SAM

THE UNCLE SAM THAT WOULD BE MORE TYPICAL

Just as certain symbols mean famous men, so other symbols stand for imaginary people. For instance, a fat man generously besprinkled with diamonds, gorgeously adorned with side-whiskers and a silk hat, is the symbol used to express "capital" or "trust." He is always corpulent, which is assumed to be indicative of wealth, especially when the corpulence is garnished with a few large diamonds. The latter are usually shown busily shooting out streams of radiance. It is not known why bankers and capitalists and rich men are represented as wearing side-whiskers, but it is probable that the early American pioneer cartoonist used the elder Vanderbilt to typify great wealth. It may be remembered that these first very rich Americans wore side-whiskers and that one, at least, expressed some disregard for the rights and feelings of the public in general. Later cartoonists stick to the type because the average reader has been trained to associate side-whiskers with great wealth.

An anxious-looking man loaded down with bundles stands for a suburbanite; a man with a checked suit, a fierce overhanging black mustache, a huge diamond and a gaudy hat tipped down over the eyes, stands for a gambler or a confidence man. By adding a horseshoe watch-charm the same man is changed to a race-track sport. Congressmen are symbolized by chin whiskers and slouch hats, although in real life you see few such men. Old maids always wear spectacles and ringlets; family men usually are wheeling a baby-carriage; club-women are shown with high foreheads, contracted brows and ample avoirdupois. Uncle Sam is always the tall, gaunt gentleman with an old-fashioned beaver hat, a wisp of beard trimmed à la capricorn, and trousers a few inches too short. Just why the United States should be so represented nowadays is past finding out, unless

(Continued on Page 18)

Democrats and Diamonds

AN INVENTORY OF WHAT MRS. EVERYBODY-KNOWS-WHO WEARS AT THE OPERA. WHERE SHE DOES HER BUYING

By David Graham Phillips

NOT since the days of the Cæsars and the Coliseum—if then—has there been such an exhibition of wealth enthroned in barbaric splendor as was to be seen at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, on any one of half a dozen very fashionable nights early in the past season. And the chief element in wealth's pomp, pride and circumstance was one which an ordinary citizen might have minimized—the jewels. True, whichever way one looked there were the flash of diamonds, the clear, steady ray of the ruby, the glistening glow from the pearl. But only those who know about jewels realized how amazing was the spectacle in respect of that one single concentrated expression of enormous prosperity. For example, one ruby in the collar about the neck of that woman in the box to the right cost $25,000—and she could easily have put herself in pawn, just as she was dressed, for three or four hundred thousand. That young woman to the left—plain? Yes, but that slender string of pearls cost $150,000. And on a score, two score, of heads were tiaras and crowns each worth from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand. As for rings and the like, you could have filled a bushel measure several times with trifles worth from one thousand to four or five thousand each. Here is a jeweler's inventory of one woman—she by no means the most begemmed and bejeweled:

Crown,	$ 40,000
Earrings (pearl),	10,000
Collar,	25,000
Necklace,	125,000
Breastplate,	20,000
Stomacher,	15,000
Shoulder clasps,	2,000
Gown embroidered with pearls,	20,000
Rings,	30,000
Fan with jeweled sticks,	5,000
Jeweled slipper buckles, garters and corset clasps,	3,000
Total,	$295,000

So preposterous was the display of jewels that the women who had had a great deal of jewelry for a long time—the mentioned woman was one of them—were presently pronouncing jewelry bad form and were wearing none, or only a few fine pieces—a simple pearl necklace ($100,000 or more), or a handsome but not showy collar worth a few tens of thousands, and some rings, of course. But the fact that "so many common people are loading themselves down" did not move any one to dispose of her jewels, and at the private fashionable entertainments Mrs. So-and-So still came full panoplied in her half a million dollars' worth, and Mrs. Everybody-Knows-Who still hid her bones beneath a flashing breastplate that shot forth a myriad tongues of wonderful flame each time she drew or expelled a breath. The truth is, now as in the earliest recorded times, the passion for jewelry is all but universal, and rages whenever there is an era of prosperity. And the jewel is the everywhere present sign of real or alleged wealth, Fifth Avenue and Bowery, theatre, street, restaurant, public or private entertainment, morning until morning again. New York jewelers are the largest buyers in the markets of the world—and they sell to the entire country. For, if New York is buying ropes and crowns, the rest of the country is buying rings and sprays.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by Mr. Phillips. The second will appear in the next issue.

In our simple days, before the Civil War, we imported a modest million or so a year in jewelry. Now we import twenty-five millions a year—and this makes no account of the millions brought in by smuggling, or the half a hundred millions manufactured here. Once—not so very long ago—we were not too curious about flaws and shades in gems. Now, we have our jewelers scour Europe and Asia for peculiar shapes and shades, and, when they return with what we wished, we say: "Very good. Go forth again and bring me the match for this wonder—no matter about the cost." Once, a very rich man or woman, about to invest a few thousands in gems, would debate the matter week after week before taking the conclusive step. Now, the fashionable jewelers themselves marvel not a little at the offhand way in which tens of thousands are invested in jewels in the course of a careless poking through trays of gems. A man went into a jeweler's in Newport on his way to the boat and said: "Anything new?" The jeweler produced two diamonds worth twenty or twenty-five thousand. "I didn't intend to buy anything to-day," said the man, "but I like these and I'll have to make several presents this season. I'll take them." And he drew his check, thrust the gems, in their tissue-paper wrapping, into his waistcoat pocket and hurried on to catch his boat. This is a very small instance—a commonplace, almost. Any New York jeweler could tell you a dozen such stories more remarkable.

But the buying of immense quantities of gems is not confined to America. Throughout civilization the rise of machinery and democracy has produced results similar to those in this country—a prosperous people, capped by a plutocracy eager to deck itself with all the recognized insignia of the triumphant class. And of these insignia the jewel gives the most ostentation with the least danger of what the less recently "arrived" would deride as bad taste. A plutocrat may err in his pictures, in his equipages, in his liveries, in his house and its furnishing; but diamonds and rubies, pearls and emeralds—there he cannot err, if he have an honest jeweler. The jewel-buying plutocracy, European and American, has raised the prices of gems without in the least—apparently—lessening the demand for them among people who profess to abhor ostentation.

The curious—the suspicious—fact is that the supply somehow just keeps pace with the demand, or rather, lags behind it barely enough to maintain the stiff prices which prosperity will bear.

Why Diamonds Never Become "Common"

IN THE case of diamonds, the mystery is really no mystery at all. The best diamonds come from South Africa, and the mines there are all in a "combine," called the De Beers Consolidated Mines. No one, except the few of the "inside ring," knows how great is the annual production of diamonds. But all the world knows that, just before the "combine" was effected by the Rhodes-Barnato crowd, there was a prospect of diamonds becoming as common as amethysts—and as cheap. This would have meant a complete collapse of the demand for diamonds. Of course, we know that the reason the fine lady longs for diamonds is not at all because of their great cost—perish the vulgar thought!—but solely because of their great beauty. But the South African diamond crowd, being vulgarians, went upon the vulgar assumption that if diamonds were cheap nobody would want them. The output was restricted and the De Beers continues to pay forty per cent. dividends and to put by a reserve from which it could pay thirty per cent. more; and the diamond has not become a semi-precious stone.

This explains how it happens that the supply of diamonds manages to keep just a forty per cent. dividend pace behind demand. But how explain the similar phenomena in the supply of rubies, pearls, sapphires and the rest of the precious stones? If the jewelers know, they do not tell.

Our jewelers go oftenest to Paris and stay longest there. Into that market flow most of the market-seeking gems of the world, nearly all of them, except the diamonds, coming from the "gorgeous East." And though in these times of plethoric prosperity they have to pay higher prices than they did a few years ago, still they always get what they seek. Can it be that the gorgeous East is also the crafty East, and has, without making a fuss about it, its "combines" that rule ruby and sapphire mines and pearl fisheries?

It is not a long schooling to become an expert in jewels. One does not need brains, or much knowledge, or any great amount of taste. The two requisites are both natural gifts—excellent eyesight and a perfect sense of color. Any "expert" can tell a diamond from an imitation as far as he can distinctly see it. Rubies and emeralds must be examined—rather carefully. As for a pearl, it can be recognized as true or false as soon as the expert has it in his hands. But when it comes to the finer work, the great expert is he who can discriminate in color to the last shading of a shade.

The Opportunity for Sharp Dealing

JUST because the testing of jewels is such a simple matter, there is no other business in which there is so much deception and fraud upon the consumer. Given a difficult matter and men ignorant of it are not ashamed to confess their ignorance and to call in help. But given a simple matter and every man will pretend to know, will think he knows, will refuse to learn or to be taught. Thus, then, while dealers in jewels are never deceived, buyers of jewels—well, if you feel that you must buy jewels, go to a first-class dealer and pay the irritating extra price he will charge as a guarantee against fraud. The officially reported value of the jewels imported into this country is no index to the prices got from their purchasers. The first-class places add to the highest price the market will bear a commission for their own honesty; the places that are not first-class add in an even larger commission as a punishment to the customer for being ignorant and foolish. As for the installment places, their prices are the highest plus interest compounded upon compound. To know how much a man or woman paid for any gem or bit of jewelry you must know where it was bought and must guess what humor the dealer was in on the selling day.

Of all the precious stones the most expensive is the ruby—yet there is no ruby weighing over five carats that has not a flaw. And there are no emeralds of any size without flaws. But a flaw in a diamond is fatal—not to its sale at a high price to an ignorant customer, but to its beauty in the eyes of a connoisseur. That is the reason why so many of the very large diamonds in the world are not especially admired by the discriminating, and are regarded as curiosities rather than as fine gems. Their size is wonderful, but so is the size of some of the tasteless fruits that come to us from tropical and semi-tropical countries. The best opals are found in Australia, though some fairly good ones are New Mexican. Montana produces sapphires, but the Orient is the place from which all the best ones come. For example, a chain of American sapphires that costs $275 would, if made of Oriental sapphires of the same size, cost about $1700. The difference, like the differences among rubies and emeralds and the rest, is in coloring. And any one can see the reason for the difference in price as soon as he sees the two kinds side by side.

One American jewelry house cuts its own diamonds. But the great diamond-cutting and other gem-cutting centres are Amsterdam and Paris, and we can never hope to compete because we have no such low-priced skilled labor. Some cutting is done in Oriental countries, but it is all crude. The Oriental cuts his gems for distant effects, for public functions. Gems that have been cut there are always recut before an attempt is made to sell them in Occidental markets. And the huge Oriental pieces made up of cunningly arranged semi-precious stones are always broken up before shipment to the Occident. It has no use for jewel-corselets, elephants' breastplates, and the like.

When our jewel-buyers go to Paris they find in small and usually rather mean offices the wholesalers with safes full of cut gems each done up separately in a bit of tissue paper. And in a strong light, with a magnifying glass and a pair of delicate scales as the only instruments of trade, the purchases are made. Prices? It is impossible to say. Diamonds are worth $115 or thereabouts a carat just now. But this is the price of a diamond of three or four or five carats. If it weighs eight or ten the price is much greater. And this is true of all precious stones. Pearls sell for just about double the prices of twenty years ago, and they are easily damaged by water and sometimes from no known cause get "sick" and have to be skinned to restore them to healthy lustre.

The Craze for Graduated Stones

THEN there is another element—matching. A rich man wants a string of matched or graduated pearls. This means long waiting, patient search, extravagant prices. If his fancy is for black pearls, in any circumstances black pearls cost about double what white pearls cost. Or, he has a diamond of a certain size, shape and coloring, and he gives a jeweler the commission to find another or several others just like it. The wholesaler profits by this, if he has the luck or the shrewdness to learn the value of his gem; and the middleman does not work for nothing. A diamond that by itself might bring no more than ten or twelve thousand, will bring half again or double as much if it is needed in matching.

The most interesting part of the gem business is this filling of special orders—and the most lucrative. For Americans have, in recent years, taken up these matching and graduating fads. The largest jewelry houses in New York have at least one man constantly in Europe, searching for stones or pearls that will just fit in with other stones or pearls. There are two New York multi-millionaires that have recently placed with a certain jeweler large and highly difficult orders of this kind on which they have put no price limit whatever.

Stones for stomachers and the like are not usually selected with especial care. But stones for necklaces and tiaras, crowns and collars, must each be very beautiful, and must meet all sorts of requirements as to size, shape and color. And this means expense—it explains $40,000 and $50,000 tiaras and crowns; it accounts for $150,000 or more in a rope of pearls.

Then, too, there is the fad for collecting precious stones not for wear but for exhibition in cabinets or just to put away in a safe and look at once in a while when the owner feels like cheering himself up a bit. And there is the fad of the less rich for collections of semi-precious stones—topaz, amethyst, fresh-water pearl, moonstone, crystal, turquoise, the strange green peridot from Egypt. All of these fads, whims, extravagances, passions for ostentation mean "fancy" prices for jewels of every kind, mean much hurrying to and fro among wholesalers, much energy expended upon results that would to many people seem small indeed. But perhaps we ought to be more often pitiful than critical toward the invented occupations of the bored or the satiated.

Jewels as an Investment

THERE is a theory that jewels are a "good investment." It is true that some jewels—rubies, for example—have risen in value. It is true, also, that better than throwing a hundred or a thousand dollars into the gutter is buying jewels with it and putting by the jewels against a rainy day. But the difference between the wholesale and the retail price of jewels is so huge that, with rare exceptions, the possessor of an ordinary jewel or collection of jewels has that for which he could get back only a small part of his money. And this would be true of most collections of jewels that are out of the ordinary. The only reason for making such collections is the pleasure of the collector in the gratification of his whim through his own and his agent's efforts. Further, the duty on jewels is sixty per cent. just now.

When duty and retailer's profit and wholesaler's profit and producer's profit and the commissions and "rake-offs" of sundry and divers middlemen are subtracted from the selling price of the jewel, when allowance is made for the gullibility or prodigal indifference of purchaser, what value is left? Often not much. In a diamond, very little. More in a pearl; most of all, perhaps, in a ruby. To attempt to reduce this problem to figures would be to indulge in mere guesswork. The dealer in articles of pure luxury—in wines, in cigars, in jewels—finds his customer in the gambler's mood and takes advantage of it. You pay for your purchase: also you pay for your—folly, shall we call it?—in purchasing.

But nothing is more significant of the mood into which the civilized world has been brought by modern commerce with its sudden enormous returns, its amazing easing of the conditions of life, than the vast expansion of the jewelry trade. Go into any city of civilization and you find these great retail shops, windows and cases and safes filled with gems. Come finally to New York and you find for retailing more of them than in Paris. This means that many of us think they have money to throw away and are throwing it away.

Edmund Burke once said in a moment of, even for him, lofty inspiration: "The public is always poor." To look at the number of New York's retail jewelry-dealers and at their stocks, one would be tempted to believe that Burke's saying did not apply to the American public, but that America, rich as a nation and rich as to certain small classes, was also rich as to the class called the masses.

Watch the streams of customers, note their purchases, and the temptation to forget the great truth in Burke's phrase becomes stronger.

The Lighter Side

Labors and Laughters of Presidential Boom Building

By Alfred Henry Lewis

WHEN Congress came together in December, 1891, there came with it divers Presidential booms. In every studio of politics, sculptors of party were carving away at the features of this or that candidacy, and all hopeful of the prize.

Hill, dark, bilious, pike-hungry for the White House, brought with him when he entered the Senate from New York his own personal hopes and fears for a nomination. Hill was as ambitious as Louis XI, without the Frenchman's insidious genius for chicane. He got into blundering, prompt trouble with the folk about him. For one thing, he lacked modesty and was prone to push forward in debate. These traits of vainglory were resented by ancient Senators who stuck by tradition and held that your Senate newcomer should listen with deference, make no retorts, and observe a novitiate of dumbness—sit as tongue-tied as an oyster.

These transgressions of Hill on solemn Senate customs were so flagrant as to evoke a lecture from Harris, of Tennessee. The latter was a statesman who made a specialty of fury; his visage was one of your queer, fantastic portraits which one beholds on tea-chests or mayhap carved on the far-ends of fiddles. In a red-faced way of hectoring, Harris undertook to put the ebullient Hill in his proper place. Harris with as much prospect of success might have sought to put a rattlesnake in its proper place. Hill interrupted him before he won to a first semicolon.

"Don't attempt your plantation manners with me!" warned Hill, high of vein and insolent of brow.

Harris almost expired at this; his face congested, his neck swelled, and it was as though the fingers of an apoplexy were feeling about his heart. However, he recovered sufficiently to look Hill over with cold, superior eye, and allude to him as "A mephitic bubble on some chance-hallowed mudhole of affairs."

Hill's Cut and Thrust Debating

HILL had much of the knife-fighter in his make-up. Lack of tact Hill might be charged with; want of courage, never. He would war with any or all who came to the lists. Norse throughout, for all his black hair and swarthy skin, Hill has the racial instinct to go close in upon his foe, and the racial expectation to come back covered with blood. There was, when Hill stood in the Senate, nothing delicate or of a long-distance character in his notions of strife. Had it been the olden day and the Senate an arena, with Hill a gladiator, he would have fought with ax and short-sword; he believed in the coarse, effective work of hack and stab.

One might note this knife-taste while Hill was making a speech. He had but the one gesture; his right hand forward and on a level with his breast would foin and fence as though it held a bowie. It was a gesture of thrust and parry—the plain fence of the bowie knife.

When Hill made a point, he thrust straight forward like the stroke of an adder. It was as though he pierced the heart of an adversary.

Hill, with his eagerness to seize a White House—albeit none about him believed he would succeed—and his smiting system of giving battle to any who crossed his way, was a figure of interest to his fellow-Senators. Sterett, of the newspapers, asked Coke, in the Senate from Texas, what he thought of Hill.

Coke, though narrow and a bit provincial, was a judge of trouble and of trouble-makers. His own biography in the Congressional directory described him as having been removed from the Supreme Bench of Texas by General Sheridan, "as an impediment to reconstruction," and one glance at Coke would show how this must have been so. He had the very appearance of an impediment.

When Sterett asked concerning Hill, Coke put on an air of thoughtfulness.

"Bill," said Coke, and then proceeding with his funny lisp—"thith man Hill ith a thtronger man than we thought. And Bill, he ith a natural dethperado. If he'd been born and brought up in Texath, he'd a-killed twenty men by now."

Gorman, smug, smooth, a prince of intrigue, also had his Presidential aspirations. And yet it was Gorman who advised Hill to come to the Senate. Hill thought Gorman would support him for the Chicago nomination. Gorman, however, merely used Hill to steal New York from Cleveland; Hill was Gorman's stalking-horse over whom he would shoot, for himself, his White House game.

Gorman knew that Cleveland was the great, natural candidate; it was Cleveland he must defeat. The Maryland Machiavelli, as an element in his nomination-hunting, resolved to seize the House control. It was Gorman who produced Crisp for the Speakership, while Mills, of Texas, was the name about which the Cleveland forces clustered. They said "Mills is the logic of the situation," but they meant Cleveland. In the caucus struggle between Crisp and Mills for the Speakership, everything American was supposed to be at hazard. A tariff policy; silver versus gold; Gorman against Cleveland for a Presidency.

The Battle of the Frocks

ONCE upon a time a cow kicked over a candle and burned the city of Chicago. Victory or defeat for that Speakership was made finally to swing on a hinge almost as slight. Mrs. Tarsney, wife of Representative Tarsney, of Missouri, was a lady of taste in dress. Also, she had a pride of her frocks which was instantly set on exasperated edge when Mrs. Mills—also a lady of taste—told the other Congressional wives at Willard's that Mrs. Tarsney's frock didn't fit. Mrs. Mills conceded that Mrs. Tarsney's dress fitted in front, but she averred it to be too full in the back, and was willing to leave the question in its settlement to the public at large. Indeed, in her fairness, Mrs. Mills did call as much public attention to Mrs. Tarsney's dress as was possible, and on the subject of its "fit" invoked the general judgment.

Now, Mrs. Tarsney was a power with her husband. As a retort to Mrs. Mills she became a Crisp worker, and while the Missouri delegation was, properly speaking, a Mills delegation, she made a Crisp man of Representative Tarsney. Also, she brought into the Crisp fold Representative Wilson, who emanated from that Missouri district nearest neighbor to her husband's. Crisp was elected over Mills at the tail of a fight which staggered on through one hundred ballots, by a majority of two. It was Mrs. Tarsney and Mrs. Tarsney's dress. On such slight hooks do these our destinies depend.

Among Democratic Presidential candidates of a decade and two years ago were Cleveland, Gorman and Hill; and though the lapse of time has eliminated from the lists a Morrison, a Palmer and a Gray, and substituted therefor a Parker, a Carter Harrison and a Francis, soothsayers and wise folk declare that again the great trio of twelve years ago, Cleveland, Gorman and Hill, will each come seeking next year's nomination. This last may make an added reason why the long-ago deeds of these ambitious gentry should wear a present interest.

When Congress met in 1891 it was difficult to forestall the issue for the coming White House campaign. Some there were who said it would be silver; in the earlier moments of Congress it would have that look, and to quote from a forensic effort of the late Thomas B. Reed, "the Congressional woods were full of gold bugs, silver bugs and straddle bugs." Reed himself among Republicans was a well-developed candidate against Harrison, and on that same question of silver sent forward his friend and ally, Lodge, of Massachusetts, to draw the popular fire and locate party as well as public sentiment on the quarrel then raging between white and yellow finance. Lodge could take the risk, since he was installed in Senate safety for the next six years to come; nor was he himself reaching for any higher limb.

Lodge, to test the risk for Reed, offered a pro-silver resolution of ambiguous, cloudy sort. Then Reed leaned back to note what would happen to the daring Lodge. It was as though some gentleman, meditating a similar trip, should first send a dog over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The result, however, bore no silver comfort, and Reed, and everybody else for that matter, were at once sedulous to withhold themselves from that subject of perilous money.

The Melancholy Launching of the Gorman Boom

GORMAN, as a candidate for the Presidency, would be coy and distant and non-committal. The nomination must pursue him, make love to him, take him as it were by storm. This modesty did not suit with the vigorous moods of Brice and Vest and sundry of the Gorman propaganda. They declared that he must come forth, and that his name should be openly used. The present Gorman system left him all the safety while they ran all the risk. He must take the peril of his own ambitions; and so they strictly told him.

It was settled that Gorman's candidacy should be shoved from shore at a dinner. Gorman would give a feast in honor of an orator of the Middle West; Crisp would be there; the Gorman men of the Senate—and that among Democrats meant everybody save Vilas and Hill—would be there; the guest of honor would make a speech. Carried away on the burning currents of his rhetoric, he would demand the candidacy of Gorman; Vest and Vorhees and others eloquent and present would take up the cry; Gorman would be overpowered. He would be modest; he would hesitate; but also he would be compliant and submit to numbers and to force. From that dinner should date the open candidacy of Gorman.

The evening and the guests arrived—all save the guest of honor. Fifteen minutes, thirty minutes, an hour went by to join that wide eternity of the past, and still no guest of honor. There were murmurs; a hungry Senator is a vicious thing, a thirsty one a danger.

The Man in the Closed Landau

GORMAN gave way to a situation; waiting no longer for the delinquent guest, he commanded the oysters and the sherry to appear. Coldly, almost in silence, did the sulky feast proceed. However, the absent guest was on his way. The repast had gotten to terrapin when a dark, sinister-seeming landau, tightly closed, drove to the Gorman gate. No one stepping forth, a committee was named to search the landau's depths. The search bore fruit, and yet a cheerless fruit. Within the deeper recesses of the vehicle the committee found outstretched that guest of honor; but steeped in such profound abstraction was he that he heeded neither the committee's nor his duty's call. The guest of honor was dragged forth and filed away on a sofa; there he abode while in the next room the disappointed dinner went forward in Arctic sort. There were no speeches; no eloquence swept all before it, and no Gorman boom was sprung. The situation at the finish was the situation at the start.

If Gorman had owned a broad streak of the cavalryman in his constitution he might have done something Presidential for his hopes. But he is a soul of cabinets and alcoves, rather than the camp—a plotter not a fighter. He has no stomach for that last grim charge which, when intrigue and chicane have carried as far as they will, is ever required to secure success. Gorman was a candidate until twenty-four hours before the Convention was called. Then he disappeared—literally and physically disappeared. When next met with he was at Whitney's cheerful elbow doing what he might for Cleveland; and that stubborn Princeton publicist was made the nominee on a first convention ballot, Hill sticking to the last—a catboat contending with a liner.

On that last Chicago day of 1892, just prior to the Convention, those whose shout was "Anything to beat Cleveland!" went from delegation to delegation and made a count of noses. To their amazement they discovered that Morrison, of Illinois—not a mentioned candidate—was, next to Cleveland, the strongest name. Morrison had been a Forty-niner, and California and the West were for him in a spirit of romance. Morrison had fought through the Mexican War, and Texas and a slice of the South were for him on sentimental grounds. It looked as though, with his own State of Illinois at his shoulder, Morrison's name could be flung into the Convention and prevent Cleveland from calling about him those two-thirds demanded for a triumph.

The Woman Who Made a President

ILLINOIS had instructed its delegation for Palmer. That "instruction," however, was but a rope of sand. Foreman, Fithian and others wired Morrison in Washington saying they could take the State from Palmer, and asking permission to use his name. Eckles, who was later to be Comptroller of Currency, also wired Morrison and urged him to withhold his name and to give his weight for Cleveland. Morrison was not in Washington; Mrs. Morrison opened the messages. Wise, shrewd, faithful to a point of honor, Mrs. Morrison sent word in the name of Morrison to Eckles urging the delegation to stay by Palmer while he had a chance, and when it left him—if such a time should come—to give its vote for Cleveland. Eckles published this dispatch; and with that publication was swept away the one great danger which stood in the path of Cleveland. If it were a woman's word that gave Gorman the Speakership against Cleveland, it was also a woman's word that bridged to the latter's feet that last convention chasm which yawned so widely in the very finish of it between victory and himself.

Gorman's desertion of his own candidacy, to employ a colloquialism of the woods, left many an excellent gentleman out on a limb—notably Crisp, whose second Speakership would be much at Cleveland's mercy when tenant of the White House. There be folk who deem Cleveland as one hungry for revenge. He did not prove it at this crisis; for all Crisp's Gorman partizanship, Cleveland was quick to have him returned as Speaker. Also he called Morton to his Cabinet; and yet Morton with broadest denunciations of both Cleveland and the party had left Chicago before the Convention was brought together, saying he would neither see nor assist at that nomination.

Speaking of Crisp, folk in Washington will wait long for one more lovable or more high to come among them. One might tell his greatness from his frank nobility of heart; from his want of affectation, his lack of snobbery, his iron confidence—when courage and confidence were asked for—in his powers and his position.

Crisp was a natural captain; he assumed command of men as though it were his birthright. Withal, he was as much without an art as without an arrogance.

American Nights Entertainment

By Charles Battell Loomis

"THAT WOULD BE BULLY, WOULDN'T IT?" SAID THE BOY

The Thousand-Dollar Skates

FOR the benefit of those who may have missed (or deliberately avoided) reading the first and second story in this series a word or two of explanation is necessary. Know then that a company of good fellows were returning in a special car from a dinner that they had attended in Syracuse. They were the guests of that well-known advertising man, Tom Chandler, and they had whiled away the time both going and coming with stories of personal adventure for the most part, and there was no man in the party who was allowed to escape story-telling, although it did not fall to every man to possess the charm of speech or manner of the actor or the cartoonist. With the latter it was not so much what he said as the delightful way he said it, whereas in the case of some of the others it was more the intrinsic interest of the story told than the manner of the telling that made it memorable. The animal painter, the dry-goods man, Tom Chandler himself; in fact each man in the party of twelve had told a story, and it now fell to the clergyman to tell his second. His first had been an anecdote of a best man who stole the wedding fee intrusted to him by the groom.

"Doctor Stringer, it's up to you again," said Tom when the laughter following one of his own jokes had subsided. Chandler was just as slangy when addressing the clergyman as he would have been in talking to a man in his own line of endeavor, but for the matter of that Doctor Stringer himself dropped into slang when occasion offered, feeling that a bit of slang was often merely an immigrant to the shores of language and that it might be a matter of but few years when it would hold perhaps an aldermanic position in the body verbal.

Mr. Stringer waved his hands deprecatingly. "I'm a better listener than talker," said he.

"Now you know that's an exaggeration," said Tom, "for I've stood on the outskirts of a Sunday and you did *all* the talking. Tell us a church story. It will surely be good."

"Well, then, I'll tell you about little Arthur Boswell and the raising of our church debt. It is a story that I should have labeled 'fiction' if I had read it in a newspaper, but to me its chief interest lies in its being absolutely true down to the last word. I have merely taken the usual prerogative of changing names in order to avoid action for libel in case this ever gets into print."

Here he looked at the special correspondent, who actually winked at him.

"When I became rector of St. Cephas (which was my first charge, by the way) I didn't know that the little church overlooking the Hudson was saddled with a mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars or I shouldn't have accepted the call: I dislike debt as much as some people dislike cats. But as soon as I learned of its existence I determined to wipe it out if such a thing were possible.

"I will pass over my efforts with my vestry, as they amounted to nothing. If there is anything more ineffectual than the average vestry meeting I have yet to learn of it."

"All business meetings are the same," said the actor, who belonged to the Order of Elks and was a member of his local fire department. "Shakespeare had business meetings in mind when he spoke of 'Words, words, words.'"

The clergyman laughed approvingly and continued: "After my non-success with my vestry I attended a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary and, knowing that they had the good of the church at heart, I asked them if they did not think it would be a good thing to wipe out the debt, and" (the clergyman laughed softly at the recollection) "one little woman said she thought it would, and that she would embroider initials on handkerchiefs that could afterward be sold for fifty cents apiece at a church fair, and that she would willingly do six of them to help along the cause. And another very sporty woman whose husband kept a hotel in the village suggested that we have a turkey raffle at her husband's.

"Of course I sat down promptly on that, for when I became a minister I put aside raffles and all games of chance and many other things that I had indulged in when a boy on the Erie Canal.

"Well, the women did show a good deal of interest in the matter and were much more businesslike than their husbands, but, after all, it was a young lad who had come into the room (in direct disobedience to his mother) to ask where his skates were who eventually extinguished the debt.

"'Mamma,' said he, looking at me out of the corner of his eyes and picking at the buttons on her waist, 'Mamma.'

"Of course 'Mommer' told him to run along, and equally, of course, he stood stock still, being a boy of average disobedience, and said, 'Mamma, I know a way to pay the debt. Sell something to a man for a certain price and then make him sell it to some one else for twice as much, and so on until its sold for what the debt was.'

"This not very lucid exposition was not well received by his mother, who felt that he was disturbing the meeting (although I am sure that she was the only one annoyed). But I called the boy over to me—he was a manly, sturdy, erect little chap of about twelve or thirteen—and I asked him how he came to think of such a thing.

"'Why,' said he in quick, nervous tones, 'I read the other day about a boy who found a mouse and traded it for a sick cat that he cured, and then swapped her for a lame dog that got over it, and swapped the dog for a pony with the distemper, and the pony got well and he swapped her for a horse, and at last sold the horse for several hundred dollars, and the mouse hadn't cost him a thing. Now if you could get richer and richer or generouser and generouser men,' said he, 'to buy a pair of skates or most anything, and they knew they were helping the church, then we'd get a lot, and at last you could go to some of these rich men that they make fun of in the papers—I mean men that feel wicked at having so much money and who want to get right—*you* know—why maybe we could get one of *those* men to buy the skates for a large sum and that would pay the debt, and maybe there'd be money over so's we could build a bigger church than ever. That would be bully, wouldn't it?' said the boy.

"'Perfectly bully, my son,' said I; 'and I will appoint a committee consisting of you and some of your chums to sell those skates over and over again.'

"Of course, every one thought I was joking excepting Master Arthur. And then tea and cakes were served and Arthur was sent out of the room by his overnervous mother after he had secured a handful of cakes and trod one into the rug, and every one supposed that the proposal was one of my jokes. For I regret to say that at the outset of my ministry I was inclined to be jocose and it was several years before I lived down my reputation."

"All the same, that was a bright idea of the kid's," said Tom Chandler, whose business mind at once scented possibilities in it.

MR. TURNER

"It was," said Doctor Stringer, "and Arthur was one of the brightest boys I ever knew. He was a great newspaper reader and really knew more of what was going on in the world than many a man of three times his age. I dare say that more than one of you have read some of his Monday morning surveys of the money market in one of the New York dailies, for Arthur is now a financial reporter at the early age of twenty-two. A brilliant boy.

"However, I don't want to get ahead of my story. At first I had thought to have Arthur and two or three of his chums go around together with a pair of skates that I donated to the cause, but I soon realized that a man was needed to inspire

Editor's Note—This is the third story in Mr. Loomis' series. The next will appear in an early issue.

confidence; and so I asked the clerk of the vestry, a Mr Turner, as meek as Moses, but a perfect watchdog for integrity, and he and Arthur had a good many amusing experiences, although they were more amusing to Arthur than they were to Mr. Turner, who was totally lacking in a sense of humor. I don't want to make this story too long or I should tell you about his various receptions as he went from parishioner to parishioner. There were several very rich men in my parish but it was not the richest who gave the most, and Arthur sometimes had to try several houses before he could get the subscription next in order. Some would not double the amount but did give sums like twenty or fifty dollars, and that worried the boy a good deal, as he had hoped to double it right along. He had a piece of paper with the problem all worked out. He was aiming at $1500, the amount of the debt.

"He told me that he went first to the stingiest man he knew, who happened to be a parishioner, and he explained his plan while Mr. Turner stood by and nodded his head solemnly—so the boy told me—and then Arthur offered to sell him the skates for ten cents—for in these doubling propositions you have to begin with a small amount or you'll get into millions in no time. The stingy man bought the skates on sight, and then Arthur said it looked as if the whole thing was spoiled because Mr. Stingy wanted to keep the skates for his son, who, it seems, had been clamoring for a pair for over a month—in fact ever since cold weather had set in—and the old man thought that if he could get a pair of standard make for ten cents he would be foolish to let them go; but Arthur pierced his cuticle in some way known to boyhood and came away with the dime and the skates. The first day of his quest he visited six men in moderate circumstances and got money amounting to $6.30."

"Slow work," said the cartoonist, who was in the habit of receiving fifty dollars for a cartoon and whose mind worked in big numbers

"Yes, the first day was slow, but the second day Arthur and Mr. Turner visited some ten of the richer members of my flock, but only five put their names down for the regular subscription, which was thereby advanced to something like $200. I've told this story before and I recall the figures. Ah, Mr. Chandler's figuring it out."

Tom Chandler had been absent-mindedly calculating what the tenth progression would be, and he now announced it as $102.40, or $204.80 for the total.

The clergyman did not seem to like the interruption and drummed with his fingers on the frost-covered pane.

"Some of those who refused to double the amount already given promised to contribute something to bring it to the required sum; some denounced the whole proceeding as savoring of bunco, but most of them were pleased at Arthur's straightforward manner and rather enjoyed the fun of buying skates that were doubling in value every few hours

"But the next day Arthur found it a thankless task. The amount was now in the vicinity of $100, and, although there were half a dozen millionaires who had villas on the Hudson and who attended my church, Arthur found but one who was willing to give—How much is it?" said Doctor Stringer with just a suspicion of irritation

"Two hundred and four dollars and eighty cents," said Tom, totally unconscious that he was worrying the good rector

"That's it. When Arthur came to me that evening he was very non-committal as to his future plans. He said he could count on an even $500 but he would not tell me where he expected to get the thousand, having totally exhausted our domestic millionaires. My whole congregation did not amount to over one hundred communicants, which meant that there were not over twenty heads of families

The rest of my story will have to be read to you, as it is in the form of a letter. I thought I might be called upon for a story so I provided myself with material."

Doctor Stringer laughed genially (Tom Chandler had stopped figuring) and took from the inside pocket of his frock coat a letter written in a boyish hand on some ten hotel letter-heads

"I did not hear from Arthur for a day or two and in the last mail one Saturday night I received this letter from him bearing a New York date of the same day and fully explaining why he had not been to see me. Next morning I saw him in church and he told me the story again, but his written account is better than my memory of his verbal one, although that was very picturesque

"'*Dear Mr. Stringer*, I thought I would not say anything to you about what I meant to do until it was done because I was afraid that I might fail. But I didn't and Mr. Turner is going to take me to the theatre to-night so I won't see you till to-morrow which is the reason for my writing. And anyhow I am glad of the chance because Miss True said that we might write a letter instead of a composition to hand in next Wednesday and that it might be about something that really happened and this really did. I'm glad it did for I can't make up.'"

Here Doctor Stringer looked up from the letter to say I'm not going to mention the name of the millionaire who figures in this letter otherwise than as Mr. Blank, for I understand that he does not court newspaper publicity."

"HE SAID I'D DOUBLE HIM UP IF HE THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT ME"

"'Mr. Stringer I went down to the office of Mr Blank with Mr. Turner because I knew he had crowds of money and they say he is generous with it and I thought that $1000 wouldn't be any more to him than a cent would be to me and you. Mr. Turner says to write smaller or I'll use up too much hotel paper. We had lunch here and I am writing in the office at a nice little desk wish I had one like it.' (Arthur's punctuation is not impeccable, but he's only misspelled two or three words in the whole letter.) 'I went down to the office of Mr. Blank and I told a man at a gate that was inside of the office that I wanted to see him and he laughed at me and that made me mad and I said that it was a matter that affected the whole future of St. Cepha's I thought big words would be good and I guess he didn't understand what I meant for he looked kind of astonished, so then I called Mr. Turner and he came up and said what I'd said only kind of bashful. Say, I'll bet Mr. Turner hasn't been in New York much for he acted kind of scared and afterwards I asked him if it was Mr. Blank's money that made him scared. My, I wouldn't be scared of a man just because he had money. So then a door in the back opened and a big man came out in a hurry and talked very loud and I kind of guessed he was Mr. Blank the way the clerk acted so I said out loud to him "Mr. Blank I want to see you as soon as it's convenient.'

"'Mr. Turner says he expected that we'd both be turned out of the place because he says that Mr. Blank has a quick temper but I'll bet he likes boys for as soon as he heard me he looked around at everybody in sight and kind of chuckled deep down in his throat and then he said "I can see you now sir"

"'Imagine, he said Sir to me but I think he was only joking. Well Mr. Turner was coming in too but he hasn't much nerve and I told him to stay out. Sometimes when a man shows he's frightened it makes teasers pitch on to him same as a dog will and I 'think Mr. Blank is a teaser. So I went in alone and Mr. Blank he said as kind as could be "What do you want?" and I said "Mr Blank I want to sell you a pair of skates for $1000 for St. Cephas Church" and he just brought his two fists down on his desk with a bang and he threw his head back and just bellered like a bull. And when he had stopped bellering and I saw he was only laughing *his* way I began to open the box to show him that the skates were all right and that I had them with me And he wanted to know if I had been long at that sort of business because he didn't know but there might be something in it for him and then I saw he wasn't any one to be afraid of any more than if he hadn't a cent so I told him all about the debt and how people had doubled the money until now we had $500 and all we needed was just $1000 and then he bellered some more and he made a joke then He said I'd double *him* up if he thought much about me and then he asked me if I was American born and I told him I was and glad of it—and I am, you bet—I told him I wouldn't be an Englishman for a good deal because I'd got to them in my history and he told me that when I was older I'd like them better and that Bunker Hill was a long time ago and that the English were sorry for it and then I thought that talk about history wouldn't raise any money so I said "Well, will you buy the skates? You're the last one on the list and you may keep them"

"'And then he bellered again and said that if he did buy the skates he'd put them in a glass case. And then he asked me a lot of questions about what I learned and what I played and what I wanted to be when I grew up—and say, Mr. Stringer he says that if I decide to go into business and *not* be a soldier that he'll give me a place in his office and then he told me that he was an Episcopalian himself and that surprised me because I didn't suppose those very rich men had any religion and he didn't seem to be giving me the money because he was afraid at all but just because he felt like it. I liked him, Mr Stringer, because he seemed real and because I'll bet he was a regulyer of a boy when he was young. I told him all about the time we went camping last summer at the lake and while I was telling him a clerk brought in a lot of cards to him but he just put them on his desk without looking at them and asked me a lot of questions that showed he was interested in boats and Mr Turner said I had no business to take up his time that way but he kept asking me questions and he said—honest, Mr Stringer, he said that next summer if I reminded him of it he'd take me to sail on his steam yacht' (y-o-c-h-t). 'And then he took up his check book and he made out a check for a thousand dollars and gave it to me and I gave him a receipt and then he bellered again although I don't see why he did *that* time and then he walked all the way to the front door with me and shook hands with me and the fellers at the desks stared good and hard and so did Mr. Turner and I told Mr. Blank that it was Mr. Turner and he shook hands with him but not the same way he did with me. Anyhow Mr. Turner seemed afraid to shake hands and I think the reason is that he wasn't ever a real boy. He can't swim! But he was awful glad to see the check and he felt so good that he's going to take me to the theatre this evening. No more now as I will see you to-morrow but I don't see why they didn't stop that debt years ago as long as it was so easy to do. Yours very truly,

"'ARTHUR BOSWELL.'"

"Well, you may imagine that I read the letter with delight, and when Mr. Turner came around to my rooms at midnight and handed me the check with the signature of the great man on it I felt like doing something substantial for Arthur

"What became of the boy?" "Who was the millionaire?" were the questions put to the rector at this point

Arthur finished his course at the High School and graduated without honors, as he never was much of a student, but I had no fears for his future, and the millionaire was as good as his word and took him into his employ."

Who was the millionaire; was it Rockefeller?" asked a man who ought to have known better

"I guess it was Pierpont Morgan," said Robert Green, the hero of The West Point Start

"I'm not at liberty to say which of you is right if *either* is, but as I said a while ago the millionaire saw something in Arthur and to this day he is the friend and adviser of the boy. I met him not long since at a Chamber of Commerce dinner and recalled the story to him, and he told me that he never paid a thousand dollars for anything with more pleasure than when he bought those skates. And then, as Arthur would have said, 'he bellered.'"

Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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JULIAN CRANE

GOVERNOR SANDERS

CHAPTER VII

CONGRESS adjourned on the fifteenth of June, just two months after it was convened in extra session. Thorndyke's apprehensions had been confirmed. Few legislative follies had been committed—the House had gone with the people, leaving to the Senate and the Administration the disagreeable task of stemming the popular tide as far as possible when it rushed on too fast. No reputations had been damaged in either House, and several had been made—but none to equal Julian Crane's. As for Thorndyke, the newspapers seemed to have forgotten his existence.

By the time adjournment was reached Washington was deserted. The class which is designated as "everybody" was either going or gone. The outgoing steamers carried half the town across the ocean. Thorndyke had promised himself a treat—a trip to Europe that year—the first since that long remembered one which had settled his fate in some particulars for him. But one word from Constance, on the afternoon when he went to bid her farewell, changed all this in the twinkling of an eye.

He found that she had just returned from a near-by place in Virginia, where her family had been established many generations before the Louisiana purchase had sent them toward the Gulf of Mexico. Constance was full of her Virginia trip, and told Thorndyke that she meant to take for the summer the old family place—Malvern Court—at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where many generations of dead and gone Maitlands had lived and flourished, after their migration from their first American home on the shores of the Chesapeake. "And I hope," she continued smiling, "that you will have the opportunity to meet some of my Virginia cousins. I shall have a great many house parties during the summer, and you are among those I shall invite. I hope you may accept."

"I accept now," replied Thorndyke—and, in a breath, his trip to Europe melted away and was as if it had never been. Then Thorndyke very artfully found out the hour of her departure, which was to be three days later.

When Constance on a warm June morning arrived at the station with her five negro servants and her household and personal paraphernalia, to start for her summer in Virginia, she found Thorndyke waiting for her. In the station he had met Annette Crane, who had just seen a constituent off. At the same moment they caught sight of Constance.

"Come," said Thorndyke, "go with me and say good-by to Miss Maitland. She is a real friend of yours, and I know she will be glad to see you before she goes."

They came upon Constance, very smartly dressed, as always, and looking young and animated. She was superintending the tickets and luggage of herself and her five servants. Thorndyke, on reaching her side, proffered his assistance, but his offer was promptly repulsed.

"How on earth would you manage five negroes?" she asked. "You would lose your patience in five minutes—you don't know what they know or what they don't know. I think I have everything straight now. I will keep the tickets myself." And then, escorted by Thorndyke, she saw her five charges and the horses, the traps and the trunks in their proper cars, and sending Thorndyke after Annette Crane, herself took her place in the drawing room car for her three hours' trip.

When Annette stepped in the car to spend ten minutes with her Constance was sincerely glad. She felt a strong and strange sympathy with Annette Crane. Never were women more dissimilar in type, in environment, in ideas than those two women—but both were gentlewomen of sense and right feeling, and on that common ground they met and became friends.

Constance expressed a wish that Mrs. Crane might be in Washington the next winter, and Annette quietly replied that she expected to be.

Then Constance continued that she should be so glad if she and Mr. Crane would pay her a visit during the summer. Annette's eyes sparkled—it was a distinct triumph for her—because she knew, and knew that Crane knew, that he never would have been asked but for her. She thanked Constance warmly, but said she was afraid it was impossible—she never went away from Circleville in summer, and Constance, seeing longing in Thorndyke's eye, repeated her invitation to him, and made his middle-aged heart beat fast by doing it—and then it was time to go, and the train pulled out.

CHAPTER VIII

CRANE with Annette and the two children had returned to Circleville after the adjournment of Congress, and immediately on reaching home he had been beset with a temptation, against which he made a short, hard fight, and then was conquered, and gave up all the honesty of his soul as regards politics. One week after his return to Circleville he had received overtures for peace from Governor Sanders, and a meeting between them had been arranged.

It took place in a neighboring city, in the private parlor of a hotel. The two men were entirely alone. Sanders, a bulldog of a man, came out frankly and told Crane that by the cutthroat policy they were pursuing they were simply playing into Senator Bicknell's hands, and depriving the State of its just weight with the National Committee, in the year of a Presidential convention. His proposition was a large one but was put in a few words. The Governor began by freely admitting that Crane had got the best of him in the matter of that Senatorial appointment—the politicians were agreed on that. But all men make blunders, and Governor Sanders proposed to atone for the blunder he had made about the Senatorship by joining forces with Crane instead of opposing him further. It was plain that there was a strong revolt against Senator Bicknell, and a split was inevitable among the chiefs as soon as the legislature met which would elect a Senator. When this break came new alignments must be made, and Governor Sanders believed and said that if he and Crane should join forces they could oust Senator Bicknell and get control of the machine.

At the mention of Senator Bicknell's name Crane changed countenance and mumbled something about his political obligations to the Senator. Sanders met this by saying that it was his opinion that if Senator Bicknell were not ousted there would be grave danger that the party would lose the State at the next election, and, in any event, there must be a new alignment of forces, and he was simply proposing to take advantage of the inevitable. He then went on to explain briefly his plan. The protocols must provide that Governor Sanders should throw all his strength toward getting Crane the party nomination for the full Senatorial term in January. In return, Crane was to devote all his energies to securing the Governor's election two years hence to succeed Senator Bicknell. Meanwhile, Senator Bicknell was nursing a very robust and promising Vice-Presidential boom which must of course be strangled in the cradle. Nothing must be heard of it at the next Presidential convention a year hence; but four years hence, when both Crane and Sanders would be in the Senate, it would be time enough to decide which one would strive for it. The geographical position of the State, and the uncertainty of the elections for many years past, would put them in a very good strategic position, either to capture the Vice-Presidential nomination or to dictate it to the convention; and that was a prize which could be held in reserve.

The success of the whole, however, depended upon keeping Senator Bicknell in the dark, for although he had not displayed the qualities of a truly great boss, like Senator Standiford, yet he was a man of considerable force, well liked, a gentleman, and a favorite in his party. If he suspected the plotting of an insurrection against him, he might, in two years' time, overthrow it completely; but he was an unsuspicious man—a weakness in a boss—and could be easily deluded into believing that no effort was necessary on his part to hold his own. For that reason the warfare between Sanders and Crane should ostensibly be kept up. Especially must this be the case in selecting delegates to the National Convention. Senator Bicknell's aspirations for the Vice-Presidential nomination must be frosted on the outward ground of dissensions among the leaders in the State, but as soon as the election was over they could come together and have four years' amicable struggle to prove whether Sanders or Crane should be seriously put forward for the Vice Presidential nomination five years hence.

Crane listened to this nefarious scheme with disgust—a disgust in which a great longing was strangely and violently mingled. Every word that Sanders said was true—Crane knew that perfectly well. The machine was going to pieces—there could be no doubt of that—and Crane, with accurate knowledge of conditions, saw that the Governor's plan, although far-reaching, was quite practicable. The whole thing, however, hinged on keeping Senator Bicknell in the dark. In a free, fair fight the Governor and himself might be worsted. Senator Bicknell might be considered the founder of Crane's political fortunes, and had certainly treated him with great kindness, and had procured his advancement—but then, it was a question whether the great law of necessity did not compel Crane to go with Sanders. Senator Bicknell would not, if he could, ruin Crane, but Governor Sanders was fully capable of it, and would, if he could. Indeed, Sanders conveyed as much.

"Of course," he said carelessly as he lighted a cigar, "you would have to be very circumspect in every way from now on. Voters, you know, are easily offended. As a matter of business purely, I shall mention to you that there has been some talk about your leaving your wife at home during your time spent in Washington. I have heard that, except for the short visit she paid you during the extra session, she has not been there since the first session at which you took your seat. Of course, everybody knows that it is all straight between you, but it was a mistake on your part, just the same. It will give your enemies a handle against you."

Crane grew pale. How strange it was that in all those years he had never been conscious of the supreme folly of his behavior! It had not once occurred to him, until that evening in Washington, hardly more than a month ago!

"Mrs. Crane remained by choice in Circleville on account of the children," replied Crane, "and because my salary as a Congressman doesn't admit of my having my family there as I should wish—particularly as I had some debts to pay, and my house in Circleville has a mortgage on it."

"Oh, I understand perfectly, Mr. Crane. All of us who know you do. I was not speaking of the view of your friends, but of your enemies on the subject. However, if money is the consideration, I think I could guarantee you your Senatorial term in good style—nothing extravagant,

you know, but enough to put your mind at ease. Your notes, with my indorsement, would be accepted at any bank in the State, and the matter could be kept quiet."

It was the old story—making chains out of his necessities. And they were very great. Crane spoke of paying his debts. He had scarcely made any reduction in the principal, and had only succeeded in paying the interest, which, with his living expenses, of which his own were twice as much as Annette's and the children's, and his small life insurance, had galloped away with his five thousand a year. And if he should lose the nomination—there was not much danger of that now, but everything was possible with a machine and a man like Governor Sanders.

Crane's better nature, however, rebelled against the deceit to be practiced on Senator Bicknell. That, he declared, he could never bring himself to—and believed it at the moment.

"Then," said Governor Sanders, rising, "we may conclude our conference. The entire success of the campaign I have mapped out depends upon Senator Bicknell not being taken into our confidence. We have not proposed anything against the party; we are simply proposing to do for ourselves what Senator Bicknell has done for himself, and if things go on as they have been going on under his direction, I think we stand an excellent chance of losing the State at the Presidential election."

Before Crane's ardent mind loomed a vision—six years in Washington as a Senator—and he was not yet forty-three years old—living in good style—and then, the chance—not a bad one, by any means—of the Vice-Presidential nomination in a little over four years. It was a glorious vista. Like the Arabian glass seller, his imagination far outstripped itself. He saw himself, at forty-eight, Vice-President—at fifty-two, another term—at fifty-six, still in the Senate, with a great reputation. Even the Presidency did not seem beyond him. He had the enormous advantage of youth over most of his rivals. A Vice-President stands one chance in three and a half of succeeding to the Presidency. Altogether, it was a dazzling dream, so dazzling that Crane began to feel the old regret and longing that Fate had not given him a wife like Constance Maitland. He was afraid, even in thought, to wish that it might be Constance Maitland. How that woman would shine in an official position! And then, the other side—but there was no other side. Without Sanders' help he would have a desperate fight before the Legislature, and that outlook which had seemed so rosy when he described it to Constance Maitland in her drawing-room a few months before, grew dismal and gruesome when examined in Parlor Number 20 of the Grand Hotel. If defeated for the Senatorship, and under the ban of Governor Sanders, his seat a year hence would be certainly doubtful, and if the machine ran over him it meant annihilation. So, tempted of the devil, Crane yielded and promised everything the Governor required.

As the Governor had found him an uncertain quantity before there were due precautions taken to keep him in the traces this time by veiled threats of what would befall him if he kicked over them a second time. Crane understood this perfectly well. He also realized that there were two men under his skin—one, honest and loving the truth, and the other, craving money and power and consideration, tormented with vanity, enslaved by self-love, a hence and hideous object to contemplate. But he need not contemplate it, and with this determination he took a friendly cocktail with the Governor and departed for Circleville. That hint about his wife opened Crane's eyes to the necessity of the outward practice of virtue, and he then determined to compass, as far as in him lay, the whole comprehensive sin of hypocrisy. He would be very attentive to his wife and devoted to his children. He would go to church regularly. He would adopt a Cincinnatus like mode of life that, out of his small means, he might contribute to charity and have it known by the special correspondents. In short, he proposed to become that object of man's hate and God's wrath, a hypocrite.

Straightway he began this mode of life, and deceived everybody in the world except himself and his wife.

He did not deceive himself. There was enough of honesty in him to make him loathe himself, while doggedly carrying out the devil's programme into which he had entered with Governor Sanders. As he went to church on summer Sundays, with Annette by his side and the two children trotting soberly in front of them, Crane felt as if a bolt from Heaven ought to descend upon him for his treachery to the man who had befriended him. Sitting in the cool, dim church, his head devoutly bowed as if in prayer, he doubted that there was a personal God—for if so, how could He tolerate such blasphemy as a man praying to be seen of men, giving it to be published in the newspapers, and saying to his brother, "How is it with thee, my brother?" and then stabbing him in the back?

At one thing the evil spirit within him shuddered and turned away. This was when he had a very friendly letter from Senator Bicknell, saying he should be in the neighborhood of Circleville within the next fortnight, and should accept Crane's often-urged invitation to stop and spend a day at his house, if convenient.

The idea of receiving under his roof the man he had betrayed was too much for Crane. Enough moral sense remained in him to make him shrink from that. He wrote Senator Bicknell a very friendly and even affectionate letter, explaining that important business would take him away from home for that week, and expressing the deepest regret that he could not have the long-promised visit. And forthwith, on the promised day, Crane made an excuse of business, and went speeding toward the nearest city. He said no word to Annette about his letter from Senator Bicknell, but some suspicion of the actual state of things had crept into her mind. She knew that Crane was under obligations to Senator Bicknell, and a close reading of the newspapers had shown her that Crane and Governor Sanders were supposed to be mortal enemies. Yet, she knew that the Governor and Crane were in the most friendly communication, whereas Crane had ceased to mention Senator Bicknell's name. And some anxiety was weighing upon him, that she saw plainly. She saw that Crane was prosperous, that he was rising in importance every day—and yet, was miserable. He had grown thin and pale in those few weeks since he had entered into his evil compact. It could not be want of money, because Annette had never known him to be so well supplied. She began to suspect some moral lapse on his part, and the thought nearly broke her heart, for Julian Crane was the love of her life, and she loved him in his degradation as profoundly as in the time when she had believed him to be the soul of honor. A singular complication came of Senator Bicknell's letter. He did not get Crane's in reply, and on the day he had proposed to be in Circleville he found himself at the little station. There was no one to meet him, but it was easy enough to find the way to Crane's house; he was the local great man of Circleville.

When he reached the house, with its many verandas, embowered in fine and vigorous elm trees, the front door was wide open, and looking through the low, wide hall he could see the garden beyond. There, under a tall lilac hedge, sat Annette in a rustic chair, sewing. On a rustic table before her the children had their books, and took turns reading aloud to her. As always, she was simply but freshly and becomingly dressed, and as the green light fell on her fair hair and her pensive, pretty face she made a charming picture for any man to contemplate. Senator Bicknell had an æsthetic soul as well as an honest heart, and the pretty scene appealed to him. He walked through the hall into the trim garden, and, hat in hand, introduced himself to Annette.

She rose at once, smiling and blushing, and made him hospitably welcome. She knew nothing of his expected arrival, which convinced Senator Bicknell that there had been some misunderstanding concerning his letter. But the Senator was so pleased with his first impressions that he accepted Annette's invitation to remain and share their one o'clock dinner—an invitation given with palpitations, but so promptly and gracefully accepted that Annette was delighted at her own courage in proposing it. The Senator, seated on a rustic settee, and admiring the aspect of things in the house and garden, as well as the mistress and her children, thought himself in luck. He expressed regret at not seeing Crane, but frankly declared himself very well satisfied with things as they were.

Emboldened by her success in entertaining the Senator, Annette proposed that she should notify the leading citizens, and invite them to call at five o'clock to pay their respects to him. Senator Bicknell good-humoredly assented; it would be of advantage to Crane, he thought—mistakenly enough—and it was worth while obliging a subordinate, if that subordinate had a wife as pleasing as Mrs. Crane.

By the time this was settled it was one o'clock, and the Senator found himself seated at Annette's dainty table, with the two children, waited on by Annette's one servant, a neat, hard featured creature, who knew how to cook.

The Senator was worth millions, had a French chef and a chronic dyspepsia, but he spoke truly when he told Annette he had not enjoyed a dinner so much in years as the one she gave him. It was very simple, but good and well served. The children never opened their mouths except when spoken to. Annette was surprised, as at Constance Maitland's dinner, to find herself altogether at ease, and was conscious that she was making an agreeable impression every moment of the time. To be appreciated gives the most timid confidence; and it was perfectly evident that this trained man of the world appreciated this woman, as sweet and natural as the wild roses that grew in the roadside hedges. They found much to talk about, and Thorndyke was mentioned—at which Annette overflowed in praises of him, to which Senator Bicknell agreed.

He was much amused by Annette's impromptu plan of having a reception for him that afternoon, and accused her of aspiring to be a second Madame Roland, but laughingly agreed with her when Annette assured him that it would be worth several votes to Crane in the coming Senatorial contest.

After dinner he was shown to a cool and spotless chamber, where he had a very refreshing nap and a bath. At five o'clock he was summoned below. Annette awaited him in the modest drawing-room. She wore a pretty muslin gown and looked as fresh as a dewdrop. With the assistance of the neighbors the lower floor was dressed with flowers, and simple refreshments were served upon tables in the large and well-kept garden.

Annette, taking her stand at the door of the drawing-room with the Senator, received with dignity and grace the people who came pouring in—the judge of the county court, the professional men in the town, the principal of the Circleville High School—all accompanied by their ladies, wearing their best silk gowns and very tight kid gloves. Senator Bicknell was affability itself. He was an amiable man, and Annette Crane's virtues and charms were such as

(Continued on Page 30)

SHE MADE A CHARMING PICTURE FOR ANY MAN TO CONTEMPLATE

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Happy women talk; unhappy write.

¶ A record is the only thing improved by breaking.

¶ Woman is supreme where she is careful of millinery and morals.

¶ The less you want to know people the more people want to know you.

¶ A man who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away.

¶ A man wants to be his wife's first love; she is content to be his last love.

¶ In civilized countries education gets the crumbs that can be spared from armaments

¶ We should not hear so often of persons being buried alive if doctors were more thorough.

¶ Wise politicians don't try to fool the people all the time, but only when votes are needed

¶ Some men remain poor because they haven't enough friends, and some because they have too many.

The Third Term Bogey

NINE Presidents have been elected for two terms—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland and McKinley, all of them except Cleveland for two successive terms. Two of the nine did not live to complete their second terms—Lincoln and McKinley. Of the remaining seven, four have been talked of for a third term—two, Washington and Jefferson, for a third successive term; two, Grant and Cleveland, for a third term after an interval. In the cases of the remaining three—Madison, Monroe and Jackson—there was no talk of a third successive term partly because precedent was against it, chiefly because the men themselves were not eligible in the exciting political conditions, Jackson for other reasons, as well as because he was seventy and very infirm at the end of his second term

It is generally supposed that Washington refused a third term because he was against it on principle. It is true, at that early day in the history of the Republic, indeed in the history of the democratic-republican form of government, there was a feeling that it was necessary in every formal way to emphasize the difference between the elective or votative principle and the hereditary principle. But Washington was not influenced by this feeling. In that immortal Farewell Address he apologizes for not accepting a third term, assures his countrymen that he is "influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for past kindness." In the case of Jefferson, the declination of a third *successive* term was through dread of the monarchic idea. It is through Jefferson's adroit use of the precedent set by Washington that the impression exists that Washington declined a third successive term because he wished to safeguard against the possible future rise of a reigning family. Jefferson nowhere expressed himself on a third *not-successive* term; and he was succeeded by two of his devoted disciples who maintained his policies for four terms, or until long after he was dead

Finally, the makers of the Constitution, having devised the four years' term, felt that they had done all that was possible to enable the people to rebuke a usurper and left them free to reelect as many times as they might choose.

Grant had the first real opportunity in our history for a third not-successive term. The movement to get it for him was organized and managed and wholly inspired by a group of politicians—his private misfortunes combined with the unsatisfactory nature of his second term made the people, even the party rank and file, hostile or indifferent.

And now we again hear talk of a third not-successive term for Mr. Cleveland, in splendid health, returning to popularity, sixty-six years young, a large political factor both among independents and among democrats.

There are also other considerations in the matter besides precedent. But the precedent—Jefferson's imitation of Washington's example for a reason which Washington would have repudiated, and that an imitation as to three *successive* terms only—does not seem so strong on analysis as it is popularly supposed to be.

The Job that Pays More

AARON BURR used to say that "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" was a maxim for lazy men—that the progressive man put off doing as long as possible in order that action might have all possible light. There is much in favor of this view—but let lazy, self-excusing men move cautiously in adopting it. In the same manner "Seize opportunity by the forelock" is a motto for the lazy and the dim-eyed

To the energetic, capable man opportunities rarely come singly. They come in flocks, they linger and they return. He finds that he cannot take in all, that it is not wise to take the first that offers, that it is folly to jump at any. He comes to disregard the conspicuous but extremely rare instance of the fellow who soared high by jumping at his first opportunity blindly, just as he disregards the instance of the lazy man who slouched upon a fortune. The motto for him is:

"Don't resign your present job *solely* because another offers a little higher pay."

The Lesson of Decoration Day

DECORATION DAY, as we have it now, is one of those popular customs which, like Jonah's gourd, have grown so fast and into such huge proportions that we have almost forgotten why the seeds of them were planted in the first place.

Soon after the close of the Civil War a few sorrowing Southern women met one May day in a little village churchyard to lay flowers upon the graves of some men who were dear to them, and who had given their lives in vain for a cause which was lost. The idea quickly spread through both the South and North. The next year in many a village and town flowers were laid tenderly on the graves of the dead of both armies. Then military ceremonies were added, and by degrees orations more or less political became a feature of the day. Now the observance of the day is national; there is probably not a city or hamlet from one ocean to the other which does not thus honor its dead soldiers. Flowers and flags are laid also upon the graves of the heroes of the Revolutionary, the Mexican and the Spanish wars. This is right.

But isn't there something narrow in this purely military annual ceremony? If it is good for us once a year

> "With uncovered head
> To salute the sacred dead,"

why limit our homage only to those who died on the battlefield? Heroic blood throbs in brave hearts underneath the workman's grimy coat or the engineer's sooty jacket or even the calico gown of a half-starved woman, as often as under gilt braids and buttons.

We do not grudge a tear or a flower to the dead soldier. But why should we not also recognize the hero in the grave of the physician who risked his life for his patients every day; or the just judge who for many years taught a community the meaning of probity and honor, who left his children poor but died with hands clean of a bribe; or the inventor who spent his strength in perfecting a discovery which has widened and lightened all of our lives; or the man who has put his own pain and struggle into a book which has made life higher for us; or the poor obscure clergyman who starved body and soul and counted nothing lost if he might bring some lost wretch nearer to God? Surely these men have also served their kind and their country, and deserve some recognition at their hands

In France, once a year, in every village the graves of those who were worthy and loved in life are heaped with flowers. This is the immortality which the poor give to their nameless heroes

In Cornwall, in an old hamlet where King Arthur was born, there are a few graves on a wind-blown hill, and there forty years ago was buried an Italian sailor who gave his life to save his crew. Forty years ago, yet every year on All Saints' Day the villagers have laid a crown of evergreen on his grave

Is there no lofty lesson of bravery and love taught in that poor wreath?

Do we wish to teach our boys on Decoration Day that there is no way for them to serve their country or their kind but by shooting or being shot?

Cannot the lesson be widened and lifted a little?

The Odds Against You

A FEW nights ago several successful working men and working women—two lawyers, an editor, an artist, a doctor, two merchants, a banker and a playwright—were dining at the house of one of them in New York City. The talk drifted to success against odds, and the lawyer said: "Of course, there can't be a victory unless there's a battle. Still, the odds can be too heavy."

"I should have agreed with you last month," said the merchant, "but now——" And he told this story

"One afternoon in the fall of 1899 a woman came into the office of the Superintendent of one of New York City's free technical schools. She said: 'I am from ——, Illinois, it's a little place that you may never have heard of. My husband and I were born and raised there, and we've got four children. He's a carpenter. We've been thinking for several years now that we ought to do something to get on in the world. And finally we decided that we couldn't begin younger. So we just packed up and came. We want to learn to be builders. He's going to get a job as carpenter and I'm going to go to school and learn drawing and the building business generally. He'll go to night school, and I'll teach him what I learn, too.'

"The Superintendent tried not to show in his face what was in his mind. For the woman was about thirty years old but looked forty-five, so thin and stooped and badly groomed and badly dressed was she. And she had that dazed expression which a person who has never been in the city wears when he is adrift in one for the first time. The Superintendent tried to discourage her, but she seemed unable to comprehend what he was saying, and at each pause returned to her original proposal with a doggedness that seemed as stupid as it was irritating.

"She entered a drawing class and set to work. Her husband could get nothing to do in New York—he was not a member of a trades union and couldn't get into one. A place on a job in Porto Rico was offered to him and he went, sending out of his wages the money for the support of the wife and the four little ones. The woman worked hard at the school and soon surprised the Superintendent. Her face lost the dazed, 'downtrodden' expression. She learned how to do her hair and how to put on her clothes and how to carry herself. Also she learned her lessons at school—she wasn't brilliant, but she was indefatigable and desperately in earnest

"After two years her husband returned from Porto Rico and she and he and the children went back to Illinois as poor as when they came.

"And," concluded the merchant, "the middle of last month my friend the Superintendent got a letter from the woman, saying that they were doing very well, that they had just got their first big contract and were practically certain to clear a large sum on it"

There are some people—a good many—who have disagreeable things to say about marriage. This is a good story to tell them. True, there are hundreds and hundreds of couples marrying to-day into what will be unhappiness and catastrophe. But there are thousands and thousands of couples marrying to-day into just such a partnership as that of this carpenter and his wife; and those couples are the significant ones. This is a land of working men and working women. A working man or woman can get on alone, but when you get the combination of a working man and a working woman in partnership "to get on in the world" and to bring up a family of boys and girls who will have the ideals that cluster round work as fruit clusters on a healthy tree—why, where is its superior and how can it be beaten?

Again, this carpenter's wife is a rebuke, and should be an inspiration, to every man and every woman now whining that he or she "has no chance" Have you no capital? Neither had she. Have you no friends? No more had she. Is your youth gone? So was hers. Have you a poor education? She had almost none. It matters not what handicap self-excuse may bring forward for her, or hers or Miss Nobody, this woman had it—and she had four helpless children to carry on her bent back

PRESIDENTS THAT PUSH

THE REASONS FOR THEIR SUCCESS MADE CLEAR IN THE RECORD OF THEIR CAREERS

By Forrest Crissey

IN EVERY atom of his being President Samuel M. Felton, of the Chicago and Alton Railway, is a constructionist. The genius for building runs in his blood. For him to see a railroad property is involuntarily to plan its reconstruction.

How substantially his capacities in this elemental field of railroad work are recognized may be told in a single statement: For various reorganization committees and for the United States Courts Mr. Felton made, inside a period of five years, fifteen special reports—reports upon which hung the investment of millions of dollars and the expenditure of millions more. And when he made his last report of this kind, on the Alton road, he was told, in effect: "You say this can be converted into one of the soundest railroad properties in America. Very well; go ahead and make good your own recommendations." This is how he came to be president of the Chicago and Alton, and how that line came to be reconstructed from a notoriously ill-conditioned road into a line universally recognized as a model of the most modern and progressive constructive methods.

Probably Mr. Felton is as good an example of what is sometimes called "railroad precocity" as may be found in the country. At twenty years he was a chief engineer, at twenty-one a general superintendent, at twenty-nine a general manager, at thirty-two a vice-president, and at thirty-seven a president. This effectively answers the question: Has the young man a chance to get to the top in railroading?

But President Felton had one distinct advantage. He came of sound railroad stock, his father being one of the veteran presidents of the Atlantic seaboard. Before he was ten years old young Felton knew every piece in a locomotive and could give points in construction to the average section boss. He was his father's constant companion in inspection trips over the line, and the officials were plied with questions in a volume possible only to the alert and acquisitive boy of ten or a dozen years.

Although, at fifty, Mr. Felton is accorded a reputation as a "construction president" scarcely eclipsed by that of any man in America, he feels—according to the testimony of his intimates—almost as great a personal pride in the fact that he is a graduate of "Tech." (the Massachusetts Institute of Technology) as in any of his achievements as a builder of railroads. His loyalty to this famous engineering and scientific school is intense and he will warm to any caller who has won honors in this institution. Vacation intervals, during his school years, were employed in hard service "in the field," with a surveying gang, as rodman, leveler, transit man and field engineer. He began to "draw railroad money" at the age of fifteen.

Up to the time when he found an opportunity to show his hand in reconstruction his record of advancement reads: Entered service August, 1868, as rodman; 1870, leveler and assistant engineer Lancaster road; 1872, engineer in charge of surveys Chester and Paoli road; 1873, chief engineer Chester and Delaware River Railroad; 1874, general superintendent Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway.

A General Manager at Twenty-Nine

THIS brought him to the position of general manager of the antiquated New York and New England Railroad, with which he began the year of 1882. In opening the Hudson River extension of that line and improving the entire road he demonstrated his capacity for constructive work so effectively that in February, 1884, he was made assistant to the president of the New York, Lake Erie and Western, in special charge of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, which was in a dilapidated condition. Here he accomplished a task of rehabilitation which brought him still greater reputation.

Then came his first important traffic position, as vice-president of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company. Another year made him first vice-president of this line in charge of both traffic and operation.

His first presidency was that of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia road, and the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific Railway. After the failure of the Richmond and West Point Terminal System, which controlled the above lines, he became receiver of the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific.

This property was, in the phrase of the time, an "artistic wreck" both physically and financially. Before 1900 he turned the road back to its owners with roadbed and equipment in thoroughly first-class condition and entirely divested of its huge burden of debt and with money in its treasury. And this remarkable task was accomplished in the years of general panic and financial depression beginning in 1893 and ending in 1899—a feat which has been the marvel of the railroad world.

Editor's Note—This is the second in Mr. Crissey's series of papers on successful railroad men.

PRESIDENT S. M. FELTON

Mr. Felton was made president of the Chicago and Alton road in September, 1899. Here his problem was practically that of making a first-class road out of "two streaks of rust and a right-of-way." Bridges were too light to carry modern equipment; locomotives were of the old-fashioned pattern and the cars of small capacity.

At once he ordered fifty new locomotives and over five thousand modern cars. Then he proceeded to rebuild the road, one division at a time. This involved new bridges also. To develop an adequate business for a reconstructed line implied a big increase in tonnage, and this could be profitably handled only by cutting down grades and reducing tonnage cost by the soundest constructive work. Now this labor on almost one thousand miles of road is practically finished. The coal business of the line, under Mr. Felton's direct management, has jumped from $19,000 in October, 1898, to $127,000 for the corresponding month in 1902; the freight earnings from $370,000 in October, 1898, to $470,000 in October of last year, and the passenger earnings in the same time from $221,000 to $282,000. He has spent about twelve million dollars in three years in equipment—bridges, rails, ballasting, signals, frogs and switches, side and double tracks, yards and roundhouses, remodeled shops and stations, and all the improvements necessary to convert a line that had been living in the past into a road unsurpassed in its physical condition by any in the West. That this work of reconstruction amply provides for the future is indicated by the fact that its average of tons per train mile in 1898 was 187, as against a present average of 382. What this means will be best understood by the practical railroad man; probably it cannot be fully appreciated by the lay mind.

How President Leeds Made His Millions

WILLIAM B. LEEDS, of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, is perhaps the wealthiest of all the Western railroad presidents. While trustworthy figures are difficult to obtain, it is possible he may actually be distanced by one or two competitors, but the general belief in railway circles accords him first place—an interesting fact when it is remembered that he is the latest recruit to the presidential corps.

So recent is his arrival among the railroad makers that popular impression credits him with being a novice in practical railroading and is inclined to rate him only as a dashing speculator, a "combination" organizer and a "tin plate magnate."

But those who class the president of the Rock Island as one who has "bought his way in at the top," and must rely upon subordinates for a working knowledge of railway construction and operation, are far from the facts.

The erroneousness of such an impression is effectively established by the simple statement that Mr. Leeds has seen eleven years of active service in the employ of the Pennsylvania system—perhaps the most superb training-school for railroad talent in America.

Shortly after he had cast his first vote he enlisted with a Pennsylvania engineering corps. Two years later he was assistant engineer of a division. His quick grasp of construction problems soon compelled the attention of the management and he was given charge of "maintenance of right-of-way" for the important Cincinnati Division of the Pennsylvania. Then, in 1890, his executive capacities were complimented by his transfer into the operating branch. As superintendent of the division extending from Cincinnati to Logansport, Indiana, he faced almost every railway problem that can come to an officer lower in rank than the general manager—for the division superintendency under the Pennsylvania system of control carries with it an amount of authority not generally attached to that position.

Inevitably he was brought into close touch with the industrial opportunities which the great "gas belt" of the Hoosier State offered. In 1891 he thought he saw an opportunity to make a modest fortune in the establishment of an enterprise for the manufacture of tin plate. Then the industry was literally in its infancy, and America relied upon Wales for this product. Many of his friends believed that he was foredoomed to failure; but he resigned his railroad position, with its flattering promises of promotion, "burned his bridges" and plunged into practically an untried field.

Here his abilities as a financier came rapidly to the surface. His venture was an immediate success. Very soon he saw the possibilities of consolidating the main tin plate plants in the country. His campaign was quick and decisive. He succeeded in the enterprise and found himself, in 1894, president of the American Tin Plate Company, which came eventually to control that product in the United States. Then he pushed the consolidation idea to still greater lengths and assisted in bringing about the absorption of the American Tin Plate Company by the United States Steel Corporation—a transaction which made him a multi-millionaire.

Meantime, with Daniel G. Reid, W. H. Moore and J. H. Moore, he had become interested in three large steel companies which were also finally absorbed by the "Billion Dollar" steel combine.

This strong group of men, with energy equal to their wealth, turned their attention from manufacturing to railroading and began to cast about for a property capable of great expansion and development. The Rock Island seemed to offer the best inducement, and by a sharp and skillful financial campaign they secured the coveted control.

From Tin Plate to Steel Rails

Mr. Leeds' thorough grounding in practical railroad work fitted him to become the active executive of the enterprise, and in January, 1902, he became president of the road, which was then less than four thousand miles in extent, with its Western terminus at Colorado Springs, Colorado. In this property and its connections he saw the framework of a great, independent, transcontinental system, spreading out to California on the West and Old Mexico on the South.

With this ambition held steadily before him he settled himself to its accomplishment. His first stroke was to acquire the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf Railroad. This added twelve hundred miles to his system and tapped the rich and rapidly developing region of Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arkansas and Kansas, with a main line from Memphis, Tennessee, to Amarillo, Texas.

Then the St. Louis, Kansas City and Colorado line was acquired, adding three hundred miles and a very important territory to the system. Also, in 1902, the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern, and the Rock Island and Peoria lines, with their fifteen hundred miles of roadway, were taken into the swiftly-growing system, giving it the important terminal points of Peoria, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Sioux Falls and Watertown. Next an extension linking the main line with the El Paso line was begun in order to give practically the entire South a new and direct route to Mexico and the Pacific Coast through the Memphis gateway.

Meantime Mr. Leeds pushed the work on his extensions to Fort Worth and Galveston, Texas, and other smaller "feeders," until, with the first year of his presidency, his system had eight thousand miles of main track—double that with which he had started. And this achievement involved making tributary to the system every article of the wide range of natural products of the Great Middle West—from the wheat fields and cattle ranges of Minnesota and the Dakotas to the cotton and rice fields of the far South.

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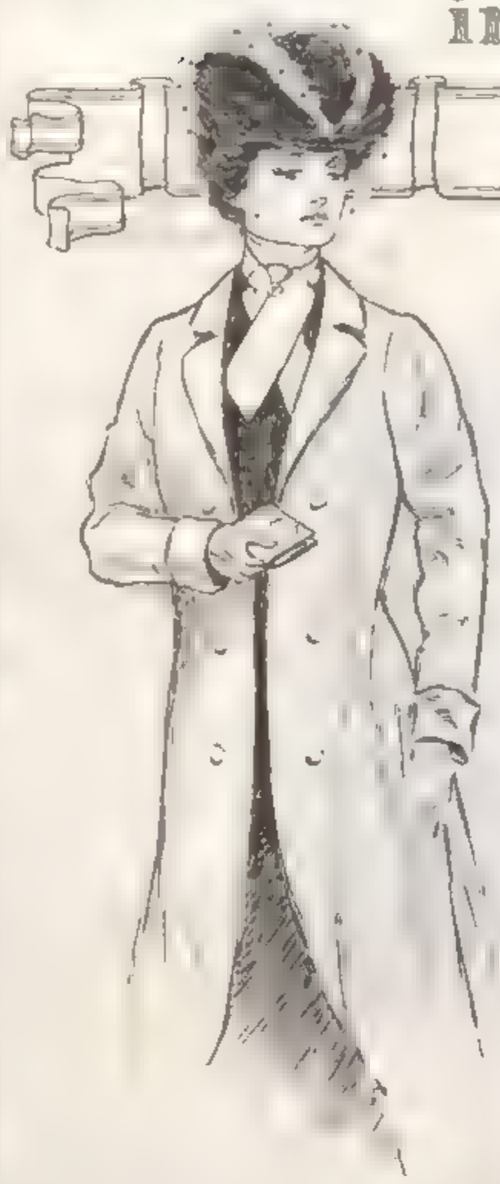
The Young Woman in Business



By

Mrs. George Benedict Carpenter

TO THE woman about to enter business life I would say: Do not give up your social life and connections; they will serve as a foil to your business environment and you will enjoy them as never before. They will give you variety, balance, relaxation and a personal life in which your own individuality has its proper place without regard to the world of affairs. You will be a better and more capable business woman for going into society—even though this sometimes implies making your toilet and being out late when you are tired and would prefer to be resting comfortably at home

Men in business, it should be remembered, have, mixed with the routine of the daily grind of commercialism, a companionship and a semi-social intercourse from which the society woman in business is almost completely barred. She must draw the line between the business and the social side of her life very sharply and maintain this distinction at all costs. From first to last I found the problem of business life that of reconciling conflicting interests and personalities, and of altering the views, prejudices and determinations of men to meet your own; this called for the exercise of the same faculty which the woman in society must always employ: *Tact!* When I entered the business field I determined that the day when I had property enough to yield me a certain income I would retire into private life. After ten years of hard work I found that I had accomplished the task I had set for myself and was at liberty to retire. At the end of six years heavy financial reverses again brought me into business life. But I had now the capital of experience and the reputation of having been successful

A Fresh Start in Business

This time I determined to build upon no foundation which had been laid by another. Success or failure would be wholly my own, so I resolved to organize from the bottom the enterprise in which I was to embark. There was an exhilaration and enthusiasm in this work which I was not able to feel in my former business in mastering the details of which I had to depend upon employees. This was my business, from start to finish, and the zeal which it inspired in me compels the counsel that a young woman entering into business should, if possible, be the originator of the enterprise which she undertakes.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mrs. Carpenter's two papers.

My second enterprise was in line with my tastes and experiences. In other words, I took up the line of work which seemed nearest at hand and to which I believed myself best adapted. This is generally a safe rule to follow. In the management of a large public auditorium I had naturally come into contact with musical artists, entertainers and platform speakers. At the beginning of my second incursion into the world of affairs I aimed to manage musical talent and entertainers for small local concerts and private programs. My field grew beyond all my expectations, and at the end of the first year I had four times more income from my enterprise than I had anticipated. While I recognized that luck and opportunity must to some extent be reckoned with in determining the elements of any success, there was much personal satisfaction in the thought that I had worked out every step in the progress of this enterprise. The lessons taught me by this second undertaking were far more definite, significant and interesting than those of the first attempt

The nature of the work brought to me scores of young women who claimed to be very anxious for advice as to how to solve the problems of self-support. Most of them, however, really came to secure influence which would help to place them on the stage or the platform. There was scarcely a day in those two years in which from three to twenty women did not call upon me for some purpose of this kind

In consequence of these talks I have given not a little time to a serious review of my business experiences, with the view of summarizing their lessons in a few practical suggestions. If the daughter of a close and dear friend should come to me with the announcement that she found herself compelled to earn a livelihood, and perhaps to contribute to the support of her family; that she had not the marked gifts to insure success in artistic lines and therefore must take up some business, and that she wished me to give her the benefit of my own experience, I should advise her somewhat after this manner

Don'ts for Business Women

Take a good, plain, practical business, in line with your own natural bent of taste and training. In making this selection take counsel with a friend who has made a large success in business and who sees things in a big way. Go to him occasionally, as you work out your plans; give him a frank insight into your affairs and induce him to point out the weak spots in your methods. Do not allow yourself to get into a rut; judge your methods by results, and, if these are not satisfactory, probe until you find the weakness in your management and then throw all your energies into a remedial plan

Meet men on their own ground, neither asking nor secretly expecting special consideration in a business way because you are a woman; at the same time meet men always in a woman's way, remembering that the slightest loss of femininity, in thought or bearing, is a loss of power and of all that is dear and vital to a woman. To be more explicit on this point: do not, for example, sign your name in such a manner that it may be mistaken for that of a man. This is bad taste and bad business policy. Be frank to a fault and indulge in no directions which might help to obscure, even for the moment, the fact that you are a woman.

Cultivate a habit of democracy in seeing callers. The woman in business who hedges herself about with red tape and renders access to her office in the least difficult, overlooks two points in human nature. These are, that many business men are a bit shy in transacting business with a woman in her

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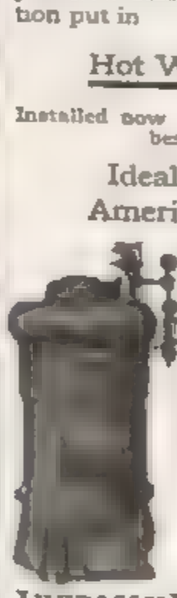

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office, and would resent being denied an interview by a woman even under circumstances in which they would think nothing of it were a similar denial to come from a man That there is something of a prejudice among business men against the entry of members of the opposite sex into the field of affairs cannot be denied. This critical attitude should be recognized and guarded against by special vigilance. [illegible] fussiness of ultra-conventionality, of "drawing room" methods, and other supposed feminine failings should be disarmed by a deliberate policy of democratic accessibility directness and simplicity

For the same reasons, special promptness should be a rigid rule. Keep your engagements with religious exactness, whether they are appointments for interviews or agreements to meet financial obligations, or relate to correspondence

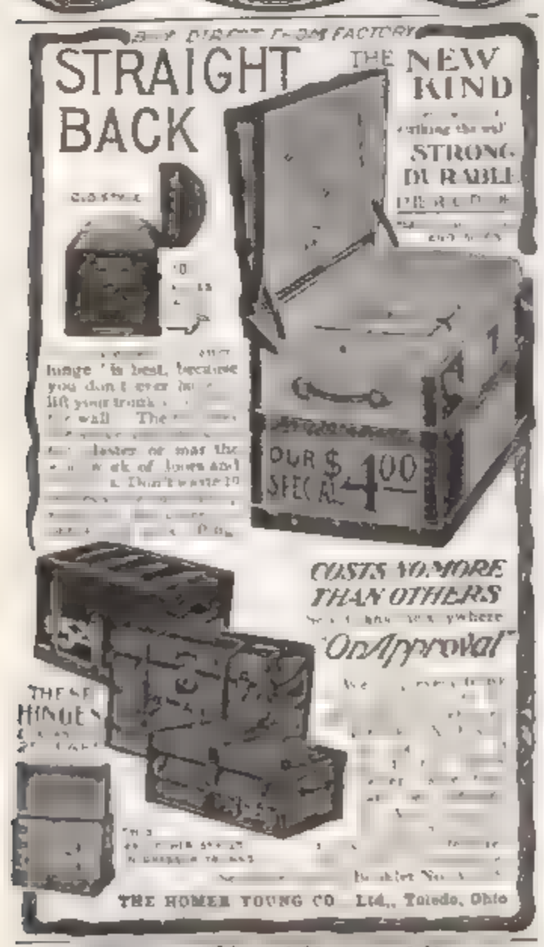
Take particular pains with your correspondence. Make a study of the letters which you receive from those who write what they wish to say and no more; whose correspondence expresses not only the delicate shadings of their thought, but also conforms to the relationship which they bear to you or which they would have you think you bear Form your own letters on these models and make them fittingly concise and to the point, without being frigidly stiff and prim It is perhaps better to err on the side of courtesy and friendliness than on the other Or, to put it differently, do not feel that because you are a woman you are forever barred from dropping a friendly word in a business letter to a correspondent whom you know especially well

As to Business Clothes

Always look well in your business clothes Give as conscientious care to your toilet before you go to your office as you would if you were going to a ball instead. In these days of tailor-made street gowns and shirtwaists it is possible for any woman, no matter how busy, always to have on hand a costume entirely suitable to business wear and at the same time having the qualities of neatness and simple elegance. Slovenly dress, and especially unkempt hair, are particularly offensive to the average business man, and can do more to handicap a woman's business career than the most brilliant talents for finance can overcome

Above all, cultivate tact—and that is by no means the synonym of duplicity. Then, with equal diligence, school yourself in perseverance. If inclined to take an uncheerful view of your affairs go to the theatre, the opera, or some social function in which you can be pleasantly diverted for a few hours. After this wholesome change of atmosphere come courageously to your problem and look it squarely in the face. If you do not find the outlook substantially and reasonably what it should be, search until the weak spots are located. Perhaps your confidential adviser may assist you in this process Or, it may take the developments of business system to bring these facts to light. I know a woman in business, in Chicago, whose affairs are prospering to a remarkable degree. Yet she came to me in search of a young woman who could be depended upon so to systematize the records of her transactions as to indicate with certainty where she was losing, where her profits came from, what lines of her enterprise were expanding and what departments were being carried along by the prosperity of the successful branches. This procedure is far more sound and businesslike than to wait for a loss to show in the grand balance

After every advisory conversation in which I ever participated had reached its supposed end, there has always been a pitiful exclamation: "Oh, if I were only sure that I am doing the thing for which I am best fitted!" But you cannot know. All you can do is to use your best judgment and then plunge heartily ahead as a man would Generally, circumstances give some helping hint in this direction. If the instances already referred to have not made this sufficiently clear let me cite another—the case of a Chicago woman who is a successful real estate agent. When she found that she must earn her own livelihood she appealed to a friend for advice. He had no position to offer, but owned a tract of fine residence property on the North Shore. This he offered to place in her hands for sale on a commission basis. She eagerly grasped this first opening, applied herself to the study of "North Shore values," sold the property, and has now become an authority in that special field of real estate in Chicago.



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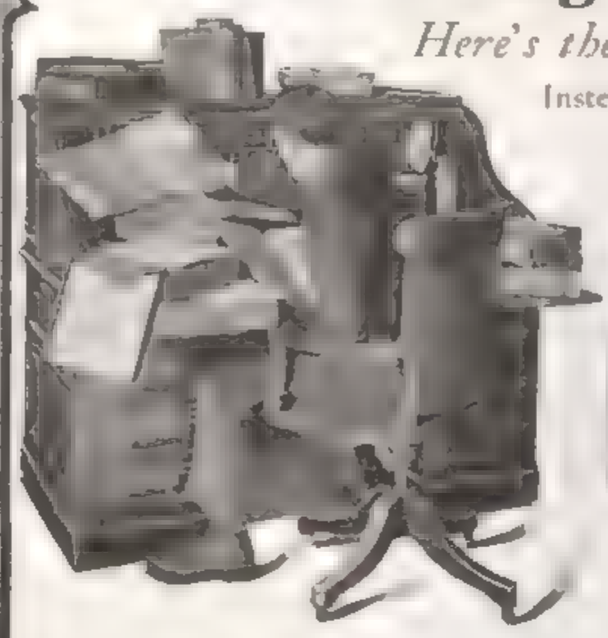
Philadelphia Keramic Pub. Co., 1240 N. Conner Street, Philada.

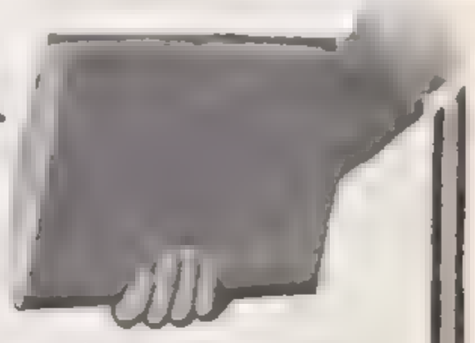
"Y and E"

Vertical System of Filing

Here's the Idea:

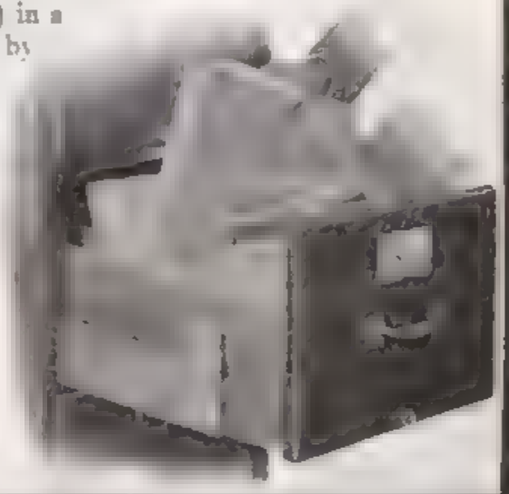


Instead of littering up your desk with letter files and letter-books—



you keep the entire correspondence in a heavy manila folder, placing copies of your replies with the letters which they answer—all in order

You file the folder **vertically** (on edge) in a cabinet drawer, where it's kept upright by a compressor.



You obtain this result: Your whole correspondence with one concern, upon one subject, is **always together;** you can lay your hand on it **instantly.**

Catalogue 298-P describes the "Y and E" Vertical System in detail. Shall we send it to you?

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.
Main Factories and Executive Offices
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

POSITIONS FOUND AND FILLED

By our special service system we can place you in touch with opportunities everywhere—anywhere. It matters not where you live, what position you want, or where you want to go. We can find you a position. Our system covers all high grade fields Commercial, Expert, Professional, Scientific. Write us of the place you want. If you have a position, we can help you to get a better one

Are you qualified to act as Manager, Secretary, Treasurer, Bookkeeper, Cashier, Teller, Clerk, Auditor, Accountant, Superintendent, Inspector, Foreman, Cost-keeper, Buyer, Credit Man, Salesman, Advertising Man, Private Secretary, Editor, Reporter, Solicitor, Draftsman, Chemist, Architect, Attorney, Physician, Dentist, Mining, Electrical, Civil or Mechanical Engineer?

Write Now, TO-DAY, for booklet Good Positions. Sent free.
It will tell you how to find a position.

IF YOU ARE AN EMPLOYER Write for our [illegible] GOOD MEN [illegible] system for the [illegible] places It will pay you to investigate. [illegible] department for high-class people

BEST REFERENCES

BUREAU OF REGISTRATION
19 Pinckney St., Madison, Wis.

ORATORY BY MAIL

Special course for the Statesman, Lawyer, Clergyman, Teacher, Scholar, Merchant, or the ambitious Youth. Qualifies one to express his knowledge and communicate his ideas and feelings in a convincing, persuasive, and effective manner. The course includes voice culture, deep breathing, gestures, self control, memory culture, vocabulary building, extemporaneous speaking, argumentation, and the highest personal development.

Lesson No. 1 sent free upon application.

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF ORATORY
Dept. B Washington, D. C.

Why Be Idle

when by selling in your own locality the best and latest Fire Fighter

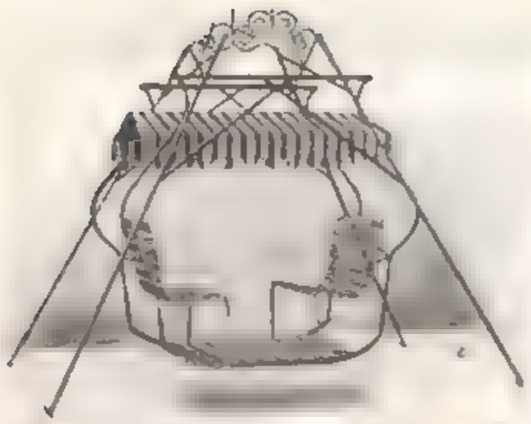
You Can Make Money

Write us for circulars and terms We will tell you how to earn our liberal commissions

BADGER'S FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Is Strong, Simple, Instant In Action No parts to lose. Every Home should have one

Badger Fire Extinguisher Co.
Dept. B, 99 Portland St., Boston, Mass.



New Idea in Swings

The Eagle Steel Lawn Swing

Eagle Steel Lawn Swing

[illegible] and every part perfect. Price $1.00. Canopy and scroll work extra. Send for descriptive circular.

A. BUCH'S SONS, 9 S. Market St. Elizabethtown, Pa.

The Diamond Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

AND

NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BUFFALO, DETROIT, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, DENVER, AND SAN FRANCISCO

FROM THE BENCH

A Judge Commends Pure Food

A Judge of a Colorado Court said: "Nearly one year ago I began the use of Grape-Nuts as a food. Constant confinement indoors and the monotonous grind of office duties had so weakened and impaired my mental powers that I felt the imperative need of something which neither doctors nor food specialists seemed able to supply.

"A week's use of Grape-Nuts twice a day convinced me that some unusual [illegible] Mr. [illegible] astonishing rapidity; brain weariness (from which I had constantly suffered) quickly disappeared; clearness of thought and intellectual health and activity which I had never previously known were to me the plain results of a few months' use of this food.

"Unhesitatingly I commend Grape-Nuts as the most remarkable food preparation which science has ever produced so far as my knowledge and experience extends." Name and address furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Judge is right. Grape-Nuts food is a certain and remarkable brain builder and can be relied upon. There's a reason.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER

(Continued from Page [illegible])

"Well, so long as you love me still!" she [illegible] with a little mocking laugh. "It's a great thing, isn't it? I mean for me, of course. I am greedy for love. It makes me feel so safe and comfortable to think that there are whole rows of men that love me. When you have a great fortune you begin to appreciate the things that money cannot buy."

"Oh, your money," he said. That word in her mouth always stung.

"Well, you ought to hate my money," she remarked cheerfully. "It queered you, didn't it? And then all rich people are detestable, anyway—selfish to the core and horrid. Do you know that sometimes when I have flirted awfully with a man at a dinner [illegible] somewhere, and the next day he telephones and the telephone is in the next room—I've just said: 'Oh, bother, tell him I'm out.'"

"I thought I might be treated the same way," he said.

"Then you thought wrong, Frank," she returned, with a sudden change from her tone of flippancy and lightness. "I haven't sunk quite so low as that, you know; I meant other people—I didn't mean you, Frank dear."

This was said with such a little ring of [illegible] that Frank was moved.

"Are the old days still count for something?" he said.

"Oh, yes," she said.

"Are [illegible] enough to hurt?" he ventured.

"Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't," she returned. "It depends on how good a time I'm having. But I hate to think I am worldly and selfish and vain, and that the only person I really care for is myself. I value my self-esteem and it often gets an awful jar." Her eyes were unusually brilliant and her cheeks were pink enough to have been rouged. The sight of her old lover had stirred many memories in her bosom.

"And what about my job, Florence," he said, changing the conversation. "I've caught the yachting idea, too. Can it be [illegible]?"

"No, I want to talk to you about that," she said.

"Well, go on," he said, as she hesitated.

"I am so afraid of hurting your feelings, Frank," she said with a singular timidity.

"My feelings are probably tougher than you think," he returned. "No, be quite open with me, please."

"You will think so badly of me," she said. "You will be affronted."

"It sounds as though you wanted to engage me for your butler," he said. Then as she still withheld the words on her lips, he went on: "Don't be uneasy about saying it, Florence. If it's impossible—why—that's the end of it, of course, and no harm done."

"I want you to come," she said simply.

"Then what's the trouble?" he demanded, getting more and more mystified. "I don't mind being an artificer the least bit. I'm fond of working with my hands. I'm a good mechanic and I like it."

"I want you for my chief engineer," she said.

This was news indeed. Frank's face betrayed his keen pleasure. He had never soared to the heights of asking or expecting *that*.

"I had to dismiss the last one," she went on. "That's the reason why I'm still here, and not two days out as I had expected. He locked himself in his cabin and shot at people through the door, and told awful lies to the newspapers."

"If it's anything about my qualifications," he said, thinking he had found the reason of her backwardness, "I don't fancy I'll have any trouble to satisfy you. I don't want to toot my own horn, Florence, but really, you know, I am rated a first-class man. I'll prove that by my certificates and all that, or give me two weeks' trial and see for yourself."

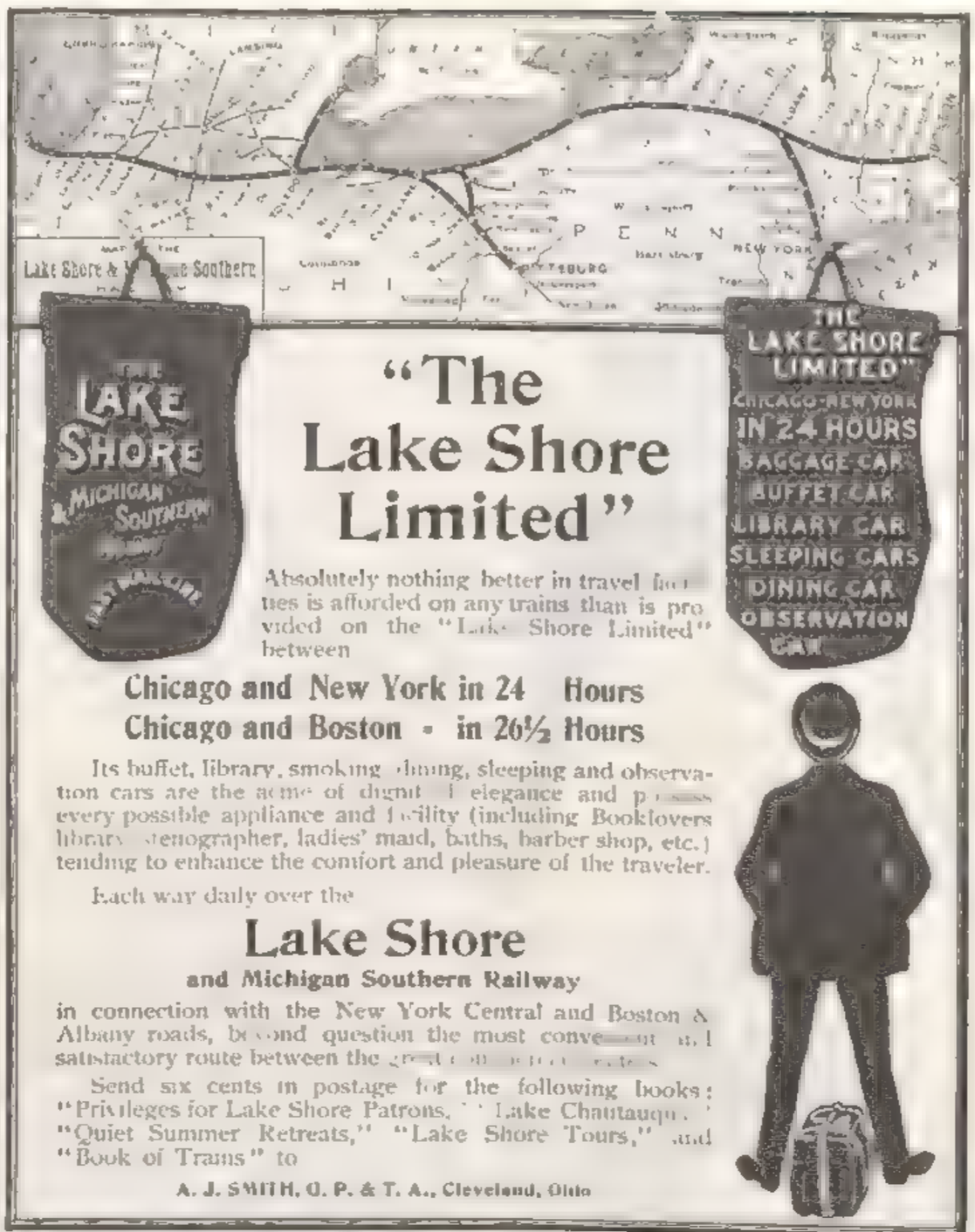
"Oh, it isn't that," she said.

"Then what the deuce is it?" he broke out.

"It's [illegible]," she returned, "it is not a question of your competency at all. You know very well I'd trust my life to you blindfold. It's—it's the social side—the old affair between us, the first names and all that kind of thing."

"Oh, I see," he said blankly.

"As an officer on my ship," she said, "you



"The Lake Shore Limited"

Absolutely nothing better in travel facilities is afforded on any trains than is provided on the "Lake Shore Limited" between

Chicago and New York in 24 Hours
Chicago and Boston in 26½ Hours

Its buffet, library, smoking, dining, sleeping and observation cars are the acme of dignified elegance and possess every possible appliance and facility (including Booklovers library, stenographer, ladies' maid, baths, barber shop, etc.) tending to enhance the comfort and pleasure of the traveler.

Each way daily over the

Lake Shore

and Michigan Southern Railway

in connection with the New York Central and Boston & Albany roads, beyond question the most convenient and satisfactory route between the great [illegible] cities.

Send six cents in postage for the following books: "Privileges for Lake Shore Patrons," "Lake Chautauqua," "Quiet Summer Retreats," "Lake Shore Tours," and "Book of Trains" to

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio

4% SAVINGS DEPOSITS

This institution, with deposits of $10,000,000.00, solicits your savings to any amount from $1.00 up and pays 4 per cent interest, compounded semi annually.

Write for Booklet No. 4
How to Bank by Mail

Pittsburg Trust Co.
Pittsburg, Pa.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS
$6,000,000.00

The Southern Pacific

OFFERS A VARIETY OF ROUTES TO

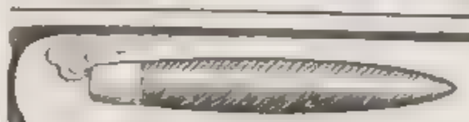
CALIFORNIA

Via their New Steamers to New Orleans, thence by rail, or by any all rail route, at

$39 to $50

For all further information address any Southern Pacific Agent

NEW YORK, 349 Broadway, 1 Battery Place
BOSTON, 170 Washington Street
PHILADELPHIA, 109 So. 3d Street
SYRACUSE, 129 So. Franklin Street
BALTIMORE, 109 E. Baltimore Street



"Opechee" Cigar

An honest smoke—Best 5c. value—Our price $1.00 per 100—We sell direct to the smoker only—To prove its worth we will gladly send a cigar FREE on request, to any address in the U. S.—Try one at our expense.

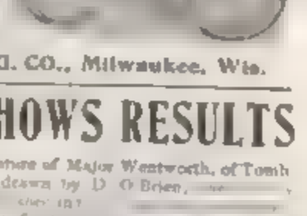
THE STEEL CITY CIGAR COMPANY
6016 Centre Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

MERKEL MOTOR CYCLES

Durable—Simple
Speedy—Safe

Patented Single Lever Control. The leading Motor Cycle built. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue to Dept. S.

Agents wanted.



THE MERKEL MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE SCHOOL THAT SHOWS RESULTS

This is a caricature of Major Wentworth, of Tombstone, Arizona, drawn by D. O'Brien, [illegible] stamps for [illegible] artistic pictures and [illegible]. D. McCARTHY, Director National School of Caricature, World Building, New York.

Kitchen Utensils HAVING THIS TRADE MARK

AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE G. L. & Co. Mfg. Co.

WE MAKE 1500 KINDS

BURNED IN THE ENAMEL ARE SAFE

NO POISON

Has ever been found in the enamel of

Agate Nickel-Steel

The Blue Label Proves It.

Sold by leading Stores everywhere [illegible] Department

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.
New York Boston Chicago

Kitchen Utensils HAVING THIS TRADE MARK

AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE G. L. & Co. Mfg. Co.

WE MAKE 1500 KINDS

BURNED IN THE ENAMEL ARE SAFE

MEAL TIME CONSCIENCE

What Do the Children Drink?

There are times when mother or father feeds the youngsters something that they know children should not have. Perhaps it is some rich dessert, but more often it is tea or coffee. Some compromise by putting in so much hot water that there is not much tea or coffee left, but even that little is pretty certain to do harm. It leads to bigger doses. Then come the coffee ills.

It is better to have some delicious, hot, food drink that you can take yourself and feed to your children conscious that it will help and strengthen and never hurt them. A lady of Oneida, N. Y., says: "I used coffee many years in spite of the conviction that it injured my nervous system and produced my nervous headaches. While visiting a friend I was served with Postum but it was not well made, still I determined to get a package and try it myself and after following directions carefully the result was all that could be desired: a delicious, finely flavored, richly colored beverage. Since I quit coffee Postum has worked wonders for me.

"My husband who always suffered from kidney trouble when drinking coffee quit the coffee and took up Postum with me, and since drinking Postum he has felt stronger and better with no indication of kidney trouble.

"You may be sure I find it a great comfort to have a warm drink at meals that I can give my children with a clear conscience that it will help them and not hurt them as coffee or tea would." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Atar Myosotis

FORGET ME NOT

is compounded from carefully selected ingredients, and more than ten years has been considered necessary to develop the true perfume. One or two drops on handkerchief or lace produce satisfactory results. Its concentrated strength and antiseptic qualities easily distinguish Atar Myosotis from cheap articles mixed with water, and in order to further distinguish the product from others, the Atars are offered only in Blue Glass bottles, mounted with sterling silver. It is the most refined, unique and attractive article for the toilet ever exhibited.

The silver mount is very suitable for engraving initials, monograms, etc. If you do not find it at your merchants, we will send it for $2

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, London, England.
500 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

could easily put yourself and me in a difficult position. In a way we'll really be further apart than if you were in South America and I in Europe, for though we'd always be good friends and all that, the formalities would have to be observed. Now I have offended you?" she added, putting out her hand appealingly

"I think you might have known me better, Florence," he returned. "I am not offended—what right have I to be offended?—only a little hurt, perhaps, to think that you could doubt me for a single moment in such a matter. I shall treat you precisely as I should any owner of any ship I sailed on," he said, "That is, with respect and always preserving my distance. I will never address you first except to say good morning and good evening, and will show no concern if you do not speak to me for days on end. Favoritism on board ship always breeds trouble," he went on, "and I shall expect none of it; while on your side you must not be offended if I appear reserved and mindful of my place."

"Oh, Frank, you are an angel," she cried.

"No," he returned, "only—as far as I can [illegible] gentleman. Miss Lamarie—"

"We needn't begin now, Frank."

"And I'm your service?" he asked.

From today," she answered, "and I will give you a note to Captain Landry."

"Then you will excuse Miss Lamarie to me from [illegible]"

"You must say good-by to Florence first," she said, smiling. "You may kiss my hand," she said, as she gave it to him. "You used to do it so gallantly in the old days—such a Spaniard that you are, Frank—and I liked it so much!"

He kissed it and for the first time in his life with a kind of shame.

"I hope we are not both of us making a terrible mistake, Florence," he said.

"Oh, I couldn't want a better chief engineer," she said, "and as for you it's the wisest thing you ever did. It's I, after all, who am making the sacrifice, for in a month or two all the gilt will wear off and you will see me as I really am. You will find it very disillusioning to go to sea with your divinity," she added. "You will discover she is a very flesh-and-blood affair, after all, Frank, and not worth the tip of your little finger!"

"I had a good many opportunities of judging before," he replied, "and the more I knew her the more I loved her."

"Well, I am changed now," she said. "I suppose all the [illegible] stage-struck boys who have met [illegible] should fall [illegible] I'm not [illegible] Take [illegible] to me."

"It's the only kind of love worth talking about," she said, going to the window.

For a while neither [illegible] spoke. Frank rose and stood [illegible] at the [illegible] Florence [illegible] to [illegible]

"Present this to Captain Landry," she said; "and now, my dear chief engineer, I will give you your *congé*."

He thanked her and put the card carefully in his pocketbook.

"What a farce it all is, Frank," she broke out. "There's something wrong in a system that gives a girl millions of dollars to do just as she likes with. I don't care what they say to the contrary; I believe women were meant to belong to men, to live in semi-slavery and do what they are told, to bring up children and travel with the pots and pans, and find their only reward in pleasing their husbands."

"I shouldn't care to pass an opinion," said Frank. "Some of them are happy that way, no doubt."

"What does anybody want except to be happy?" she continued in the same strain of resentment. "Isn't that what all are trying for as hard as they can? I'd like to go out in the street and stop people as they came along and ask them the one after the other: 'Would you mind telling me if you are happy?' And the one that said 'yes' I'd give a hundred dollars to!"

"As like as not it would be some shabby fellow with no overcoat," said Frank.

"Now you can go away," she exclaimed suddenly. "I don't know what's the matter with me, Frank; I think I'm going to cry! Go, go!" she cried imperiously as he still stood there.

Frank bowed and obeyed, and his last glimpse as he closed the door was of her at the window, looking down disconsolately into the street.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Advertising as a Factor

In Business Development

A SURVEY OF THE FIELD AND THE PROBABILITIES OF YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN WINNING SUCCESS THROUGH MAIL INSTRUCTION

Why Salaries From $100.00 to $500.00 a Month are Paid

By GEORGE H. POWELL

"More Business Men than ever are today being trained for their own necessities"

ABOUT three years ago an advertiser, who had spent over $7,000.00 within twelve months on mail order specialties, called on me for consultation. It seems that in return for this expenditure he had succeeded in selling a bare $1,000.00 worth of his product, and it was a very serious problem at this juncture as to whether he would better suspend activities and stop further losses or look for an expert who would be able to organize winning methods.

An inspection of his establishment revealed numerous glaring errors in organization and advertising. It appeared, among other things, that he had received over 6,000 inquiries in reply to his magazine advertisements, and that about one in five who had taken the trouble to answer the ads. actually sent a cash order. This average of one purchaser for every five inquirers would have been satisfactory had the advertisements cost say twenty-five cents per inquiry, and had the outfits brought from $2.00 to $5.00 each instead of only seventy-five cents. The nature of the goods practically precluded duplicate orders, so the proposition necessarily required the maximum of cash with first order to prove a success.

Had a trained ad. writer been in charge the advertisements would not have cost over twenty-five cents each, in which case the advertiser would have received enough money to have at least paid for his publicity, within a few hundred dollars, and it would not, therefore, have been a costly experiment. And, moreover it would shortly have been apparent that a re-adjustment of the outfit price represented a good profit. In short, inquiries that can be had at twenty-five or thirty cents each, where one in five orders, will return immediate profit when $2.00 and upward is remitted on each outfit.

A fundamental knowledge of advertising gives anyone a key which will open the door to success and an understanding as to what "proposition" means in any ad. While no two things may require the same or stereotyped treatment, yet the basic principles once acquired are a safeguard against great losses and failures.

Of course, a proposition calling for $100.00 remittances, as is often the case, can stand for inquiries costing from $5.00 up, according to conditions, but the averages must always harmonize and the ultimate possibilities be known.

In the case of the business man referred to, I soon showed him how to readjust his business and turn loss into profit, chiefly through a better style of advertisements.

I mention this case to show how great is the need of trained writers of advertising, who not only save the untrained merchant or manufacturer endless worry and labor in the preparation of copy, but who also avoid the foolish waste of large sums of money in periodical space.

Again referring to the advertiser who lost some $5,000.00 because he didn't understand the elements of ad-writing, the pertinent question is—how much could he have afforded in way of yearly salary to a skilful ad. writer? Suppose it is set at $2,500.00, and an estimate of results drawn? The loss of thousands *averted* and a substantial *profit substituted*.

While such a salary is of course out of proportion to an annual expenditure approximating only $7,000.00, yet I submit it for analytical purposes.

And I may say that the partial realization of this, added to the enormous expansion of business throughout America, are the chief reasons why such brilliant possibilities await intelligent young men and women who qualify and make the most of the advertising skill they acquire.

The country needs them and their work, and as never before, but will tolerate no half-heartedness or unsteadfastness of purpose. The prizes are for the faithful only.

In these busy times, when commerce moves with thousand-mile strides and at lightning speed, there isn't much show or pity for the old school business men who jog along as their grandfathers did before them—patient and plodding and in collision with the swiftly moving modern methods which produce almost immediate results.

There is much in the theory of "the cumulative effect of advertising," but the "hammering effect," when it can be employed, is going to be a feature of the immediate future.

I am especially conscious of this through my somewhat extensive correspondence with representative business men from Maine to California who come to me both for the purpose of acquiring skill in the preparation of their own ads. and in seeking my competent graduates to fill their advertising departments. More business men than ever are today being trained for their own necessities.

Every week now adds to the list of converts to the new idea of progressive advertising, and I hazard no conservatism in saying that within the next ten years to come there will be almost as many professional writers of advertising as there are today publishers. We are rapidly approaching a new era, simply because the order of the day is the stoppage of losses at every point, and the very appearance of so much commonplace advertising now existent is ample proof of the needed reforms in the preparation of up-to-date ads. to replace those which now entail heavy losses.

Those of THE POST readers who have heard of the great success of the Powell System of Correspondence Instruction and who have seen its practical effects in training ambitious people to fill fine salaried positions, will not be surprised at the statement that I am teaching so many notable business men, since the supply of available ad. writers is much in the minority to the demand. That the Powell System teaches ad. writing in best manner and in the shortest time is a matter of acknowledged record, and my plans to make this chosen work broad and applicable to all enterprises, as well as to the paid writer, will interest many.

To all POST readers who are interested in the profits of good advertising I will gladly mail on request my beautiful new Prospectus, the most explicit work of its kind ever published. Simply address me, George H. Powell, 198 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

THE

Union Savings Bank

Capital, $1,000,000

What better investment could you ask for surplus earnings or idle funds than a savings account in a strong bank at

4 Per Cent. Interest

Compounded semi-annually. You can deposit any sum from $1 up.

Handsomely illustrated booklet "Modern Banking" free for the asking.

James H. Lockhart

FRICK BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA

"Good Luck"

That Dollar on top of our price will buy you almost the same goods but you won't get nearly as snug a fit as we guar-

Good Luck Trousers at $3.50

and save two dollars by buying *direct* from the maker of the genuine "Good Luck"

Just send us to-day

cords and the nickle strap. Please

Prevents sagging at belongs both at the back, not fastened in front to strap. Make your to users no Dress Institute. Neat Quick. Proper

Send $3.50 by draft or money order together with waist measurement and measure cut of back to seam and we will send you a pair of faultless fitting trousers by return mail. Carefully packed. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada

These trousers come in plain blue serge and striped worsted. Also in striped outing flannel in dark, medium and light colors

If you think you cannot order without seeing materials, write for our free "Good Luck" book of samples

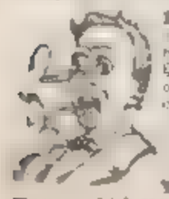
THE GOOD LUCK Schmitz & Shroeder, Dept. J, N. W. Cor. 6th and St. Charles Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

Pears'

is not only the best soap for toilet and bath but also for shaving. Pears was the inventor of shaving-stick soap.

Established over 100 years

W. X. Y. Z. Nose Piece Don't Slip Off



In Hot Weather. No irritating the skin. Anti

nose glasses. FIT any NOSE NONE GLASSES

on glasses yourself. Send for a pair, in any order or cash. 10k. filled 6 cts. Solid Gold $1.00.

PRESPER'S OPTICAL PARLORS
1307 Frankford Ave., Phila., Pa.

Send 2 cents in stamps for "How to Test Your Eyes" We send Prescriptions for Glasses, which can be filled anywhere.

Humorists of the Pencil

(Continued from Page 5)

it is because we dislike to give up our old traditions. The modern Uncle Sam should be a clean, up-to-date, aggressive business man with million-dollar bills sticking from his pockets and a copy of the Monroe Doctrine embossed on his shirt front. Then he would be typical of us.

As a general thing, politicians and public men have a kindly feeling for cartoonists even though the latter sometimes handle them without gloves." Publicity is a statesman's most valuable asset, and cartoons are as good as first page display advertisements in giving him publicity. At the Gridiron dinner in Washington Senator Hanna was discussing the subject of cartoons with a friend. The latter suggested that the Senator could not have a very kindly feeling for cartoons on account of the many unpleasant ones that had been made of him in the campaign of 1896. "Not much," said the Senator. "Why, I wouldn't have missed those cartoons for a million dollars. I didn't mind them so much, and they did me a world of good." It is safe to say that no cartoonist that comes under the kindly spell of Senator Hanna's personality can go back to his drawing board and draw him as the arch-enemy of the workingman and the embodiment of all that is heartless in capital

The "Easy Marks" of Caricature

It is a curious fact that most public men of high standing have some marked individuality that makes them easy subjects for caricature. If they haven't they should speedily cultivate something that will make them distinctive. Senator Peffer's fame was undoubtedly due to his whiskers. The very minute that he dawned on the political horizon the cartoonists of all papers leaped at him with avidity and he at once became a national character. Senator Hanna is easily caricatured; Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley were both good subjects; David B. Hill, Thomas Platt, Richard Croker, Senator Depew, J. P. Morgan—all have some distinct feature that makes them easily recognizable in caricature. President Roosevelt is fortunate in being "unique" in his appearance. His eyeglasses and his teeth make him a shining mark. Mr. Cleveland is always recognizable in front, side or rear view, for the picture of a stout gentleman out fishing would instantly suggest the portly ex-President to every mind. It is known that Mr. Cleveland does not resent the cartoons that are made of him, even though they may show him as being much too stout and much less handsome than he is. A cartoon was sent to him some time since with the compliments of the cartoonist. In it the ex-President was sitting in a boat fishing and from a neighboring bank President Roosevelt was inviting him to represent the United States at King Edward's coronation. Mr. Cleveland responded: "Can't go. Have a bite." The idea was to illustrate that between "kow-towing" to royalty and "catching a nice fish" Mr. Cleveland vastly preferred the latter. In his acknowledgment of the original drawing he wrote:

"The incident and the ideas it suggests are not only amusingly suggested, but thoughtfully, except that I have not been invited to appear at the coronation either officially or unofficially, and the string of fish is wholly inadequate. I shall frame and carefully preserve the picture."

Both King Edward and the German Emperor are good subjects, the former for his beard and heavy eyes, and the latter for his distinctive mustache. It is said that the German Emperor manifested great interest in the cartoons printed in America during Prince Henry's visit to this country, and that he has large scrapbooks filled with them. He also has taken so much interest in cartoon work that he has drawn several himself.

Mr. Morgan's views as to cartoons are not known, but may be suspected. In the last two years he has been a cartoon figure second only to the President, and the predominating tone of the cartoons has been such that perhaps his love for cartoonists has not greatly increased.

A cartoonist is seldom a good judge of what will strike the popular fancy. Frequently the drawing that he labors over and considers exceedingly successful will never bring forth a single word of commendation,

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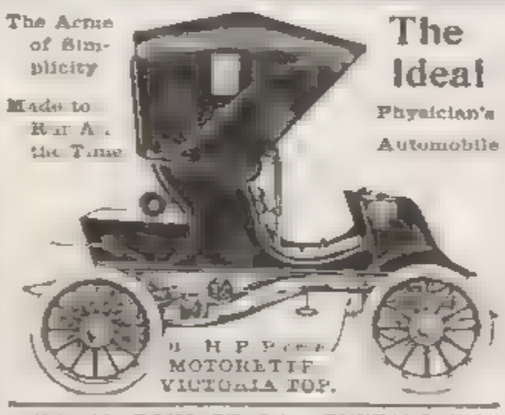

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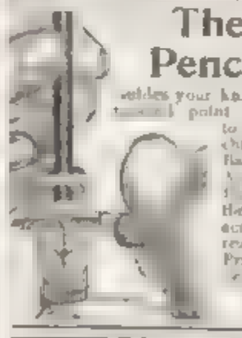

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whereas some little feature that he regards as inconsequential may appeal to popular favor with mighty force and unanimity.

An instance in my own experience proves how true this is. At the beginning of the campaign of 1896 I was working hard and conscientiously on political cartoons. People looked at them and occasionally said pleasant things. But one day I inadvertently drew a dog—a rather ungainly but good-natured canine, merely to supply a needed detail in the composition of the cartoon. The next day, with similar purpose, I drew another dog that looked like the first dog. A subscriber wrote in and asked what the dog meant. The third day, just for fun, I drew the dog again. He was wisely listening to something Mr. Hanna was saying. A dozen letters swooped in and a dozen persons demanded to know what the dog meant. The dog then became a fixture and with each day the letters from anxious inquirers grew in number, until a perfect avalanche descended upon the office. "What does the dog mean?" "Why is that dog always around watching the progress of the campaign—now with McKinley, now with Bryan and now with Hanna?" "What is the deep-hidden significance?" All sorts of possible solutions were hazarded by the inquirers, some believing that it was a symbol that meant some foreign power. The dog became an absorbing mystery wherever the newspaper went.

Never in any case was the dog represented in bad humor. He was always good-natured, sometimes wearing a look of surprise, sometimes a look of deep concern, sometimes a look of incredulity and sometimes a look of exuberant glee. In a month it seemed to those around that particular newspaper as though the Presidential campaign had become almost totally eclipsed by the mystery of the dog. Thousands of letters came in from all corners of the country. If a day passed when the dog failed to appear there was a storm of solicitous inquiries from mothers and children, and even from men whose thoughts might presumably have been upon larger affairs. One day when Mr. Cleveland accidentally rocked on the dog's tail there was a flood of letters suggesting various remedies, and great relief the next day when the dog appeared with no visible sign of disaster beyond a bandage wound around the injured member.

The Fame of the Campaign Dog

When people spoke of me it was as author of the dog, whereas I aspired to a more honorable thing. All of my serious work apparently counted for naught, and I really began to fear that forevermore I should be known only through my association with the homely, good-natured creature that inhabited my cartoons.

In course of time I went away and the vicissitudes of fate threw my lot in the Philippines. For a time I breathed easy. But one day out in the jungle I came upon a tired soldier resting under a tree and we fell to talking of "God's country." When I casually introduced myself he started up with a glad look in his eyes and said: "You're not the man that drew the dog, are you?" A year later an Irish-American asked me the same question in the Leydenburg Mountains east of Pretoria, and the reluctant answer insured me the hospitality of the camp.

A year ago I began a series of pictures that were used once a week for the entire year. The central figure was a small country boy who owned five dogs, worth in the aggregate about $1.20. I reasoned that a small boy, next to a little dog, is about the funniest thing in the world, and for this reason might be the motif for a popular series. I followed this course through the spring, summer, winter and fall, from barefoot time back to barefoot time, from "skinning the cat," "saying a piece at school," "showing off" before the little girls, "taking care of the baby," "playing pirate," and so on through all these delightful experiences of boyhood. It was possible to introduce a good deal of sentiment in the pictures, for a small boy's life is full of it, and I found that the busy city man likes to be reminded of the days when he was a country boy and went calling on his Aunt Mary about dinner-time. Nearly every man who was a country boy had an Aunt Mary, and it does not make him mad to have some one remind him of it. In addition to the fact that the "boy" series apparently pleased men, I found that children were interested, and, of course, when the children are interested their mothers are bound to be, too. Thus far, however, the boy and his $1.20 worth of dogs have not been dramatized, which may mean that they have not quite reached the height of popularity.

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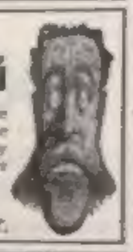

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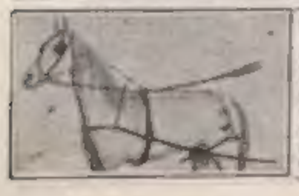

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Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 11)

appeal peculiarly to men, so that most of them wished to oblige her. He was secretly amused at the courage and capability she had shown in organizing a political reception for him on such short notice, and determined to help her through with it. By way of showing his good will, he spoke with enthusiasm of Crane to many persons, and said that he should be pleased if Crane might be his colleague after the first of January.

At seven o'clock he was obliged to take his train. Before he stepped into the carriage of the Judge, who had asked the honor of driving him to the station, Senator Bicknell expressed to Annette the most sincere gratitude and pleasure at his visit.

"Tell Mr. Crane," he whispered to her, "that with a wife who has such masterly capacity for political management as you, my dear Mrs. Crane, he may expect any sort of promotion. If our State is honored by being awarded the Vice-Presidential nomination, I am afraid no one else will be heard of except Mr. Crane, if you take the affair in charge."

"You are laughing at me," cried Annette, laughing herself, but coloring with pleasure at Senator Bicknell's kind manner and flattering words. "Imagine me as a political manager!"

"My dear lady, the only political managers in the world among women are those like yourself, who don't know that they are managing. Good-by, and a thousand thanks. I have not spent so pleasant a day for a long time. Remember, when you come to Washington you are to dine with me many times, but I can't make you enjoy your dinner as much as I enjoyed mine. Regards to Crane." And he stepped into his carriage.

Crane did not return until the next evening, and was greeted by the sensational news of Senator Bicknell's visit. Annette was, of course, full of her achievement in entertaining the Senator. Instead of receiving her account with the pleasure which might naturally have been expected, Crane listened with sombre eyes and a face which grew pale and paler. His chagrin could not be concealed, and Annette was quickly convinced, to her distress and amazement, that Senator Bicknell's visit was anything but pleasant to Crane.

When this was borne in upon her she stopped speaking and involuntarily fixed her clear, accusing eyes on her husband. All at once her suspicions of the changed relations between Crane and Senator Bicknell, and Crane and Governor Sanders, became a certainty. In a moment of inspiration—the inspiration of an intelligent honesty—the probable state of affairs flashed upon her. Crane's countenance grew anxious as Annette watched him.

"Did the Senator say he had got my letter?" he asked.

"He expressly said he had not heard from you," replied Annette. "Did you go away to avoid the Senator?"

It was but a chance shot, but it hit the bull's-eye. Crane did not answer the question, but got up and walked to the other end of the garden.

She could not, of course, know the details, but she knew, then, that Crane was a traitor, and was pretending a good will which he was far from feeling. Annette suffered as only a high-minded woman can suffer when the lower man in one she loves reveals itself. But she said nothing. She knew that Crane must work out his own salvation, and that she could be of no help to him there.

And Crane, having a guilty conscience, knew that Annette suspected the game he was playing—and this made him more unhappy but not less guilty than before.

Annette had told Crane of Constance Maitland's invitation to them, which piqued as much as it gratified him. He knew quite well that but for Annette he would have had no invitation. Later came a note from Constance repeating the invitation very cordially, but Annette felt obliged to decline it with all the thanks in the world.

So the summer passed for those two.

As for Thorndyke, his visit at Malvern Court lasted a week. It was a week of heaven and hell to him. When he went away Constance Maitland realized that to accomplish her heart's desire she would have to do the proposing herself, as Queen Victoria did on a similar occasion.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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$3700 IN CASH

Will be divided among those persons who are willing to do a little pleasant work in leisure hours this summer. The offer is so arranged that any person willing to devote even a day or so to the work will receive a part of the money offered.

The prize money is not really *in payment* for work done but simply an *extra incentive* to *good* work. Every bit of work done, whether it be much or little, will be paid for with a liberal commission, but if you send eight subscriptions (these can be readily obtained with very little effort) you will in addition receive a part of the extra prize money.

Our agents will be authorized to make a special offer to their customers this summer which will be of assistance in getting business.

If you are interested, send a line addressed to ***The Saturday Evening Post*** Circulation Bureau,

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Ralston

PURINA FOODS

Introducing the **Ralston Purina Miller**—a good, wholesome fellow, who makes all the good things in checkerboard packages, at the Big Mill, "where purity is paramount." SAYS THE MILLER:

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Just be sure that what you eat is pure and that it tastes good, and be cheerful. **The folk who go to their meals as if they were goin' to the doctor—will go to the doctor."**

Send for the "MENU MAKER"—it's Free.

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